

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

Founded by Nicholas Wiseman and others in 1836



SPUTNIKS AND SPACE-TRAVEL

**A Symposium, by David E. Walker, R. Cox Abel,
G. E. Ekbery and Charles Davis**

CATHOLICS AND ENGLISH PUBLIC LIFE

by Claude R. Leetham

BORIS PASTERNAK

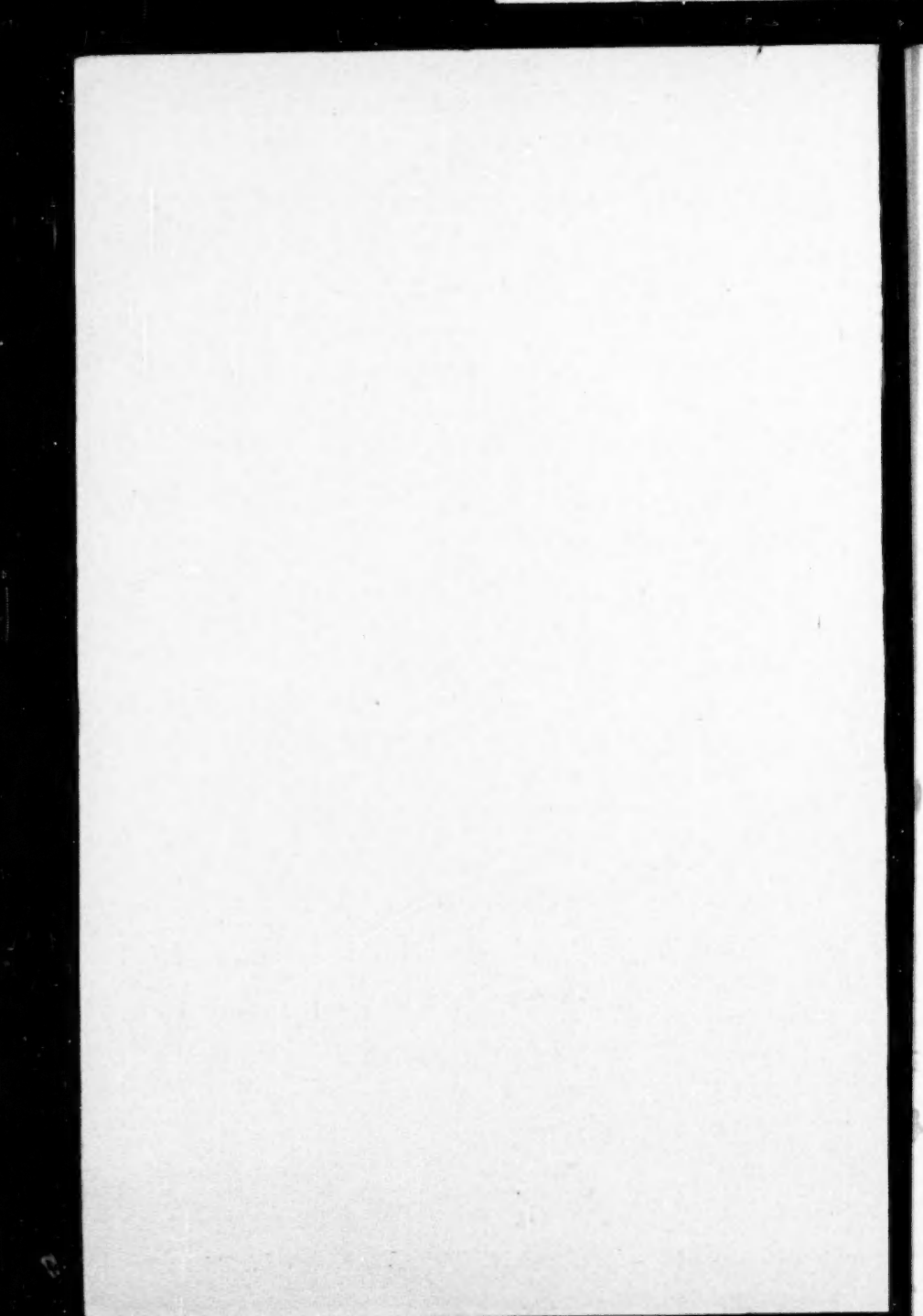
by Victor S. Frank

GEORGES ROUAULT

by Nicolette Gray

LONDON

SPRING 1958



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LONDON: THE TABLET PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.

NUMBER 475 SPRING 1958

Price 6s., plus postage : Subscription 25s. per annum, post free : U.S.A. \$4

CONTENTS

Introduction	3
By the Archbishop of Westminster	
Editorial	4
Sputniks and Space-Travel:	
I: Prometheus Unbound Again	7
By David E. Walker	
II: Archipelago	13
By R. Cox Abel	
III: The Illusion of Space	18
By G. E. Ekbery	
IV: With or Without Faith?	26
By Charles Davis	
Catholics and English Public Life: A Council of Catholic Old Boys	40
By Claude Leetham, Inst. Ch.	
The Meddlesome Poet: Boris Pasternak's Rise to Greatness	49
By Victor S. Frank	
Georges Rouault: An Evaluation	58
By Nicolette Gray	
Nicholas of St Albans: A Twelfth-Century Theologian of the Immaculate Conception	63
By Alphonsus Bonnar, O.F.M.	

Introduction by the Most Rev. Dr William Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster

I WAS reminded recently of the first Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Nicholas Wiseman, by a pastoral visit which I paid to Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was there, at the Chapel House, that Dr Wiseman told a visitor that he was detained in London preparing his Moorfield Lectures for publication: that was in the August of 1836.

The success of his lectures in London had led him to see very clearly the need of portraying the 'genius of Christianity', as he saw it, in its Catholic shape and setting. The future Cardinal was still Rector of the Venerable English College, Rome: but, although his Roman life was dear to him because of his veneration for the Apostolic See and the vivid appreciation it had given him of the grandeur of the Universal Church, yet his thoughts were very much of England and of England's needs. The appearance of a new Review was, he thought, timely. It was 'the favourable moment to strike a chord and stir up a spirit yet slumbering, but ready to awake.'

The Catholic religion should be seen in all the fulness of its growth, in all the splendour of its ritual, in all its varied work for mankind in every land. Catholics had so much to write about, so much to be proud of albeit cockle could grow among the wheat and evil exist alongside so much that was beautiful and good.

These were the ideas filling the minds of those who planned the REVIEW in 1836. We must meet the situation as it is today. There is now a much keener spirit of enquiry into the credentials of the Catholic Church and who would say that enlightenment in the true faith and the beating down of deep-seated and ill-founded prejudice is no longer a pressing need?

Readers of this REVIEW will have taken note of its new style and content, and of a fresh spirit of enterprise which inspires the hope that we may have a periodical that will faithfully portray the Catholic outlook on questions of our day. We wish the venture every success and cordially bless the Editor and all who work with him to meet the needs we have in mind.

A Letter from Rome	67
By A. C. C.	
'The Potting Shed': Fomentum Fidei	71
By T. H.	
'The Carmelites': The Truth More Splendid	73
By M. D.	
Newman the Man: An Approach to Père Bouyer's Study	81
By D. J. B. Hawkins	
Books Reviewed:	
<i>The Vatican Revolution.</i> Gerard Culkin	89
<i>Antonio Rosmini. Priest, Philosopher and Patriot.</i> Roland Hill	93

THE DUBLIN REVIEW is published quarterly, at the end of March, June, September and December.

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All communications, articles and books for review should be addressed to THE DUBLIN REVIEW, 128 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

Articles can only be received on the understanding that publication alone is a guarantee of acceptance and payment.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW is regularly analysed for the *International Index to Periodicals* (H. W. Wilson & Co., New York).

Notice to American subscribers: THE DUBLIN REVIEW has entered into an agreement with University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, to make THE DUBLIN REVIEW available to libraries in microfilm form. Sales are restricted to those subscribing to the paper edition, and the film copy is only distributed at the end of the volume year. Inquiries concerning purchase should be directed to University Microfilm, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.

Nihil obstat: JOANNES M. T. BARTON, S.T.D., L.S.S., *Censor Deputatus.*

Imprimatur: E. MORROGH BERNARD, *Vic. Gen.*

Westmonasterii, die 13a Martii 1958.

the Irish Bishops, was never closely associated with it. His great merit, wrote Wiseman in 1856, was 'that, wrapped up as his whole external life was in politics, he consented that the new quarterly should not involve itself in their vortex, even to advocate his own views, but should steer its own course along a calmer stream, and try to bear along with it peaceful and consenting minds'.

It was to English readers, then, rather than Irish, that Wiseman addressed THE DUBLIN REVIEW, which was only three years old when he contributed his comparison between the Donatists of the fourth century and the Anglicans of the nineteenth, with the historic footnote citing 'the palmary words of St Augustine' which, in the words of the *Apologia*, 'absolutely pulverized' Dr Newman. 'Little by little,' wrote Dr Casartelli later on, looking back on the first sixty years of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, 'the leaders of the Tractarian Movement, from being opponents to be fought with and convinced, come over to us one by one and in their turn take their places in our ranks as contributors to the REVIEW.' This was an exuberant exaggeration, but it showed where the attention was directed.

Thirteen years after Wiseman's death, after W. G. Ward's Editorship, THE DUBLIN REVIEW was acquired by the future Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, who, when he died in 1903, bequeathed it to his successors in the See of Westminster, for whom it has been edited and produced ever since.

For two years past it has been appearing only in alternate quarters, publishing double numbers each devoted to some single theme or subject. Now it reverts to quarterly publication, opening a new chapter in its long life as a general review, and resolved to keep its interests as wide as Wiseman always wanted them to be. 'I see the growing narrowness of our work, and deplore it,' he wrote of THE DUBLIN REVIEW in 1853. 'Never a paper on Physics, Astronomical Discoveries, Chemistry, Electricity, Steam, Railroads, Physiology, Medicine, Geology, Botany, Law Reform—not even on politics in their wider sense.' We shall not expect to remedy all these deficiencies at once, but at least some regard is paid, in this first issue to bear Wiseman's arms upon its cover, to Physics and Astronomical Discoveries. 'Never any article on foreign countries except the bleak North,' he also complained. A 'Letter from Rome' will now be found, and it is only proper to promise a 'Letter from Dublin' at an early date. It is the intention

Editorial

'IF THE secret history of THE DUBLIN REVIEW were known to the public, how strange it would appear! So often on the point of sinking, yet always rescued—it looks as if heaven regarded it propitiously!' These words with which we open the first number of a new series might have been uttered at almost any time; they were in fact written by Wiseman from Oscott in 1844, three years before his translation to the London District and six before he became Metropolitan of England and Wales in a restored Hierarchy. THE DUBLIN REVIEW was then eight years old. But its position in those days, with ecclesiastical editing and lay ownership, was the reverse of what it later became, and much less favourable to continuity.

The phrase 'ecclesiastical editing' may seem to require justification, but H. R. Bagshawe, appointed by Wiseman to an editorial chair which he held for more than a quarter of a century, was what we should nowadays call a Managing Editor, and for the first thirty years of THE DUBLIN REVIEW Wiseman himself was the effective Editor as well as the most prolific and distinguished contributor. He had been the virtual founder as well, visiting England from Rome while he was the Rector of the English College; still in his early thirties, but with his great intellectual gifts increasingly recognized. No more appropriate cover for THE DUBLIN REVIEW could be devised than that which it now bears for the first time, with the arms of Cardinal Wiseman.

The arms of the first Archbishop of Westminster are, indeed, more appropriate than the title of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, which was so called in contrast to the *Edinburgh*, and which throughout its long history has been published not in Dublin but in London. The choice of title may also have had something to do with Daniel O'Connell, who was one of the co-founders. According to Wiseman's own account the principal credit for the foundation rests with Michael Quin, a barrister and journalist from Tipperary 'who,' wrote Wiseman, 'applied to the illustrious O'Connell and myself to join the undertaking'. But Quin disappeared into legal practice after editing only two numbers, and Daniel O'Connell, beyond commending the new quarterly in a published letter to

SPUTNIKS AND SPACE-TRAVEL

A Symposium

I: Prometheus Unbound Again

By DAVID E. WALKER

IN INDIA the Sputnik was at once accepted into astrology, and those born under the sign of the Sputnik learned that they were destined to be lucky. Reports on this matter, reaching a World Health Organization study group at Geneva, were incorporated into a more general discussion concerned with the effect on mental health of scientific developments in the atomic age.

This early decision to promote the Sputnik to the congregation of the stars may have become blurred by the arrival of subsequent satellites. There can have been second thoughts in India among countryside astrologers; but this was the first, spontaneous reaction outside the more cynical population centres. It would be interesting to know in what form the news reached remote and illiterate villages throughout Asia and the Middle East, and whether or how far the implications have been grasped and interpreted in such areas even now; but it is probable that the 'luck' to be enjoyed by those born under Sputnik was inspired by the need to counter an anxiety as common to the more advanced as to the more backward nations.

The World Health Organization's study group at Geneva found that the emotional impact of atomic energy developments (to which the Sputniks merely added fuel) was one of 'irrational fears and irrational hopes', with the fears greatly outnumbering the hopes, and reason, as such, scarcely playing a part. In millions of minds scientific progress since the atom has become so closely linked with weapons, disease and destruction that fear—with here and there a sense of moral involvement or guilt—has become the outstanding product. So deep has been this emotion that the

to include in each number one or perhaps two such 'Letters' from a centre of Catholic life overseas. The pages devoted to book reviews will of course be maintained, and will usually, we hope, be more numerous than in this present number. The dramatic criticism of particular productions is clearly no part of the function of a quarterly review, but it may sometimes be useful to write about them from a more detached standpoint than that of the critic of daily or weekly journalism: two London productions that have attracted attention during recent weeks are subjected in this number to theological and historical examination respectively, by way of post-scripts to all else that has been said about them.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW has no editorial intentions today, after a hundred and twenty years, that cannot be stated in Wiseman's language. He wanted a Review that should 'belong to the present day: that is, should treat of living questions . . . should grapple with real antagonists'. In a time of great changes, he wrote in 1856, looking back on the first twenty years, 'thoroughly able and willing to sympathize with the difficulties, the traditions, the deep-worn feelings of Catholics, its conductors endeavoured gently and gradually to move forward the Catholic mind without shocking or violently drawing away, or aside, thoughts familiar to it, and growing side by side with its best inheritance', while at the same time scrupulously avoiding 'all the troubled waters and eddies of domestic contention'. This present conductor, conscious indeed of his inadequacy for such a task, or to follow predecessors of such distinction, can yet express no other desire than to play his part in making THE DUBLIN REVIEW in this mid-twentieth century as much as possible what Wiseman would wish it to be.

MICHAEL DERRICK

way of life. Cracks suddenly appeared in such pillars of American orthodoxy as capitalism and free enterprise. Hundreds of miles up, the nation had again been Pearl-Harbourised.

The psychological reaction was curiously military, too. So long as there was any danger of defeatism or hysteria, the officers felt it their duty to try and calm the men. The President's economic adviser described Sputnik I as 'a silly bauble'. Mr Charles E. Wilson, at that time still Secretary of Defence, conceded no more than that Russia had pulled off 'a neat scientific trick'. The President himself, while admitting surprise at the psychological impact, told the nation that his apprehensions had not been increased by 'one iota'. It is doubtful, now, whether these reassurances were either necessary or useful. The people of America were shocked and exasperated; but their exasperation was aimed as much at themselves as at anyone else. Contrary to a number of reports, I do not believe there was any panic in the States. There was a frenzy of introspection, which is not the same, and feverish activity on a wide front, but nothing irretrievably unhealthy.

The first reflexes, by American standards, were almost routine. After human advantage had been taken of the chance for almost everyone to blame almost everyone else, and after it had been widely agreed that the Army could have 'sent up some hardware' a year earlier if some fool hadn't relied on the Navy, the dollar floodgates began to bulge under the pressures exerted. Both the missile programme and the satellite programme were given powerful injections. Americans agreed among themselves that when dollars were really needed they could always be found. Using the kind of word which only Americans seem able to coin, it was announced that the United States had entered a new 'Megabuck Era'. Mr Khrushchev himself had invited and foreseen 'a community of Sputniks'. O.K. Let him have them. If it cost a million bucks a minute, American pride demanded that the challenge be met and accepted.

The challenge was first met successfully 119 days after 4 October 1957. On the night of 31 January 1958, the people of Alabama danced in the streets. Harassed fathers jubilantly woke up children—who had been fretting through the winter—to convey the splendid news. The whole nation, suffering from Sputnik-trauma, was able to celebrate the resurrection of its self-respect. Even so, the celebrations remained sober. What the British Press had hailed as the U.S. Navy's 'Phutnik' had now

scientists have further found, to their obvious embarrassment, that science is engendering a new mythology of its own. This deplorable animal, which for centuries they thought they were slaying, has begun to rise again in a new form. 'In a strictly scientific meeting,' Mr Ritchie Calder has since commented on the Geneva gathering, 'we had to consider afresh the legend of Prometheus; of Pandora, unleashing forces which she could not control; and of Faust, evoking the devil; because these belong, in one form or another, to nearly all cultures and because they recur whenever people lose a grasp of what is happening around them.' Some scientists go further and express physical alarm for their own safety. In the *Bulletin* of the Atomic Scientists (December 1957) Mr Brock Chisholm is almost on his knees. 'I honestly believe,' he writes, 'that the world may revolt against scientists and take uncontrolled action against them.' At Geneva the scientists, rather more calmly, insisted that, while there was little cause for genuine alarm at present, the mental health aspect of recent developments should nevertheless be made an urgently important subject of research.

There, then, is the background: satellites in space and madness in the air. If the experts are to be trusted, violation of the atmosphere is already threatening to create an emotional upheaval in the minds of men. This upheaval, this failure to readjust ourselves, is not confined to the villages of Asia. It is apparent in a whole complex of irrational emotions and dangerous undercurrents, side by side with a renewed search for non-material values. As the first satellite went into orbit, millions did not know what to think; but they felt, in a vague, uneasy way, that a good deal more thinking would have to be done.

* * *

We can only guess at the emotional reactions of the Russian people on 4 October and 3 November 1957, when the first two Sputniks began their orbits. In the United States furious stupefaction was, I believe, the normal and general reflex. Russia had committed an affront. Broadcasting to Britain, Richard Rovere probably spoke for the majority of Americans when he said that the Soviet triumphs were 'a profound criticism of our civilization'. To a degree that went far deeper than ordinary international impertinence Russia had cocked a snook at the American

tawdry affairs of this planet it means specifically and immediately the possibility of a new route to political power and dominance. Djilas, in *The New Class*, talks of the 'inherent need of those in power to be recognizable prototypes of brilliance and might'; and it is precisely here that the Soviet Sputniks burst the American bubble. Every living commentator has by now dwelt on the propaganda advantages to Russia, above all among the uncommitted and/or under-developed nations, of having won a sensational scientific race. The effects on the economic side of competitive co-existence are painful as well as obvious. Sir Bryan Matthews, writing to *The Times*, linked the technical triumph very rightly with the 'organized war on the mind' waged without respite by the Kremlin. Is it possible, or feasible, to think even a little further ahead?

Mr Loyd V. Berkner, in the U.S. quarterly *Foreign Affairs* (January 1958), argues that military power has tended to become absolute, and relatively easy to acquire. The East and West can already blow each other to bits; and therefore this instrument of policy is not so adaptable as it used to be for solving world problems. On the other hand the under-developed nations are in the midst of discovering education. This violent thirst for knowledge cannot be satisfied by money alone, because money has long since become suspect, even tainted. Since military power and national wealth have both lost much of their traditionally persuasive attributes, a new vacuum has been formed. This demands a new instrument. Will it be found in scientific achievement as a basis for intellectual leadership? Or even as a basis for a new kind of power-leadership? This argument leads to a possibility at once fantastic and actual: that domination of this planet at some not too distant date will go to the nation that can first control the weather. The Russians are known to be working on this; and for all I know are far further ahead in their research than any Western nation.

Whether our general mental health is yet suffering or not, this should be the type of possibility to which our minds must become accustomed. (It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the theologian's problems or with spiritual values.) But if we ever rise one morning, and instead of complaining about the cold east wind, find ourselves shivering under a literally and physically Communist blast, we shall be forced to recognize science as the new political master. The Cold War could become a freezing one.

been balanced—and not a day too soon—by the 'Uncle Samnik'. But people were still remembering Wernher von Braun's remark: 'Even if we step up our efforts by 20 per cent it will take five years to catch up with the Russians—even if their pace doesn't change.'

This was not a time for thoughtless celebration. Money might be being diverted to scientific education and basic research but unemployment by the end of February was heading for the five million and the President still had to tell the nation to keep its chin up as the shadow of a recession deepened. This was also an election year, with all members of the House of Representatives and a third of the Senate up for re-election. Should defence be made an electoral issue? The President said 'No' and his good friend Mr Sherman Adams promptly did the opposite. Everyone had had a wonderful time blaming inter-Service rivalries and jealousies for the delay in producing a satellite, and out came the pontifical voice of Mr Hanson W. Baldwin to proclaim, in a powerful series of articles, that such rivalries were non-existent: the fault lay exclusively with civilian interference at high Pentagon level. Throughout the United States there was certainly a good deal of disarray; but whether it ever reached the scale that Moscow must have hoped for is extremely doubtful.

* * *

To what extent has disarray become general? The world has begun to chart a new dimension in geography and a certain degree of confusion is inevitable. Advertisements extolling 'The Greatest Show On Earth' are not absolute any more because the implications have lost some of their universal validity. Cautious and truthful circus managers should not, henceforth, go further than claim to present 'The Greatest Show On This Planet'. The moon is already in Earth's rocket-sights. Space-medicine, the term used to cover the physiological and psychological problems affecting man on his future journeys, is now the occupation of many research workers. Several young Americans (and who knows how many Russians?) are in vocational training for mankind's next adventure. Space-fiction, oddly enough, has probably helped to ease the fearful jerk of mental adjustment now required. Unhappily, something more than adjustment is needed.

The truth is, surely, that a whole new world of wonders implies something more than wonderful new worlds. In the rather

born under Sputnik have no qualms because they believe it to be a lucky star. To the rest of us the growing community of satellites, with all their implications, put questions to which we can and must find adequate answers without the luxury of a leisurely delay. Should we fail in this, we may find the Sputnik a very unlucky star indeed.

II: Archipelago

By R. COX ABEL¹

THE architecture of the universe is such as to combine space and time inseparably. A simple analogy will illustrate the principle involved. Imagine a race of beings living on the surface of a sphere who have no conception whatever of height or depth. They can measure distances in any direction on the surface of the sphere, but their universe is apparently an endless plain. Geometrical measurements have shown them, however, that the ratio of the circumference of a large circle to its radius is always less than in the case of a small circle. Moreover, they have deduced mathematically that there is a certain maximum circumference, after which a longer radius must draw a smaller circumference. How this can be so is quite beyond them, but there it is, and amenable to mathematical formulation with very little trouble. The application of this analogy to our own universe is as follows: just as these imaginary beings see their universe as an area, but in fact live round a volume, so we see our universe as space whereas it is something we can only call space-time.

We too can make clever measurements to define the strangeness of our universe, but these inevitably involve time. In fact our universe is expanding evenly in all directions, and it seems that no matter what centre may ever be used for astronomical measurements, it will always look the same kind of universe. Another consequence of the space-time structure is that an astronomer who looks out into space also probes back into time. For example,

¹ The writer is employed as a project engineer by a leading aircraft manufacturing company.

This is why anxieties about producing the whole man are being steadily replaced by the problem of keeping man whole; and why even genetic anxiety about radio-active fall-out may itself be soon outdated. Keeping up with the Khrushchevs is not just a matter of snobbery but of survival; and it is no use having equally smart satellites in space if we fail to find something new ourselves. It is even just possible, since treachery is now cosmic, that the West is *expected* to turn all its energies to satellites, in order to distract its attention from devices much more diabolical now being prepared.

Part of the tragedy, of course, is that science has got the bit between its teeth. It is galloping forward, heaven knows where, and its horsemen urge on their mounts in language which no ordinary man can understand. There is something faintly desperate about American proposals for a Space Commission, and a Department of Science and Technology, with 'full Cabinet status'. Yet we may soon have our own Minister of Science in the House—and may then wonder why he was so tardily appointed. We stand on brinks that may or may not have been dreamed of by Mr Dulles in his philosophy. When American reporters asked Dr Edwin Teller, the H-bomb physicist: 'What do you expect to find on the moon?' the answer was 'Russians'. Not so long ago, only the day-before-yesterday in history, this reply would have been thought facetious and in execrable taste. What we must try somehow to grasp is the pounding rhythm of the new scientific breakaway.

The challenge to the human mind is enormous. Rather than an International Geophysical Year this has become Coronation Year for the technologist. Long to reign over us, happy and glorious? It is too soon to say. On the material plane the new reconnaissance of space has roused America from complacency and should alert mankind to a panorama of new perils as well as benefits. Many of the questions now being put have to be answered by Christians as Christians; but the political, physical and international components of the situation will also require more agile mental readjustments than many have perhaps yet realized. A Megabuck Era, even for those who can introduce one, in itself falls a long way short of what will be needed. The main signals from the satellites, whatever their coded content, in fact inform us that we are now involved in a war of ideas and of imagination. In this new war, scientific achievement is the armoury: more normal brains will still have to supply the strategy. The Indian villagers

ages required large population groups, so now the harnessing of the forces of nature for interplanetary voyages requires a whole, full world.

Since more than half of even the present population of the world is underfed, it is clear that tremendous increases in food production are essential to maintain the sort of man-power which will be required for this enterprise.

Not only must land deserts like the Sahara and Antarctica be made fertile by lavish expenditure in chemical engineering and nuclear power for soil heating and irrigation, but the oceans must be stocked with whales. More to our present point, however, is that the experience gained from these great projects on earth will be translated into even greater projects on other planets by our pioneers. The minimum requirements for a habitable planet are a comfortable gravity and exposure to sunshine. The first will enable us to move about on its surface on foot or in vehicles, and will hold any atmosphere we care to manufacture by chemical engineering on a huge scale. Those giant planets whose gravity would not be at all comfortable for us are provided instead with several giant moons which would suit quite well. Exposure to sunshine is of course necessary for the ordinary processes of plant growth; but we must not get too close to the sun.

During more than a quarter of a century, many scientific societies for the promotion of this great enterprise have been springing up all over the world. The author is proud of having joined the British Interplanetary Society in 1934. Eminent scientists in these societies have been meeting in International Astronautical Congresses every year since 1950. The seventh of these was held in Rome, and besides hearing more than forty technical papers the delegates were addressed by the Pope. The following is a representative extract from the Pope's speech:¹

A project of such scope entails intellectual and moral aspects which it is impossible to ignore: it postulates a certain conception of the world, its meaning and purpose. The Lord God, who has put into the heart of man an insatiable desire to know, did not intend to set a limit to his efforts to conquer when He said to him: 'Subdue the Earth'. It is the whole of creation that He has entrusted to him and that He offers to the human mind so that he may probe it and thus be able to understand ever more deeply the infinite greatness of his Creator.

¹ From the translation by Lord Harnsworth, published in *Catholic Truth*, Vol. IV, No. 4.

the light from the moon is a little more than one second old and that from the sun is about eight minutes. The outermost planet of the solar system, Pluto, can be observed by light which has aged by five hours, and there is a star which can be seen as it was four years ago. The farthest stars in the galaxy of which the sun is a member send us their light over a lapse of 80,000 years. Other galaxies in our cluster of galaxies are nearly a million years away in time. Hosts of other clusters of galaxies can be seen up to about 1000 million years into the past, limited only by the power of our telescopes. Yet, by cosmic standards, even such intervals of time are short. The age of the earth itself has been estimated by several independent methods to be about 4000 million years.

The radio transmissions from the Russian and American satellites travel at the speed of light, but these sources are so near to us that we can observe them, for all practical purposes, in the present. They are, nevertheless, highly significant achievements on three counts. The energy required to place them in orbits at the fringe of our atmosphere is very great by human standards. Rockets, apparatus and personnel which came into existence for military purposes are now employed spectacularly in this new game between giants. Best of all, they represent the first steps of a great human enterprise complementary to that of increasing food production.

Even if food production on earth were developed to the utmost, it could not be increased indefinitely, still less repeatedly doubled in less than a century; yet that is about the present rate of population growth on earth. Sir Charles Darwin, F.R.S., ends a recent article entitled 'The Present Golden Age',¹ by writing this about birth control:

It has to be recognized that the control of populations in any such way is an inherently unstable process, in that if one part of the world refused to practise it, that part would expand at the expense of the rest.

Fortunately, the real solution to just such a situation has been known and used since the earliest times: emigration. This time we must emigrate to other planets of our solar 'archipelago'. But the constructive effort required is so great that only a vast population could afford it. Just as the development of civilizations in past

¹ *The New Scientist*, Vol. III, No. 53.

many, the rest of the universe will remain an astronomer's world for a very long time. Although astronomers do in a sense explore the universe, they are of course receiving and interpreting signals which pour in from outside. In particular, they can recognize the types of light characteristic of just the same elements which we know on earth, if made incandescent, but they are greatly handicapped by having to look through our atmosphere. One of the first luxuries of the 'interplanetary age' is certain to be a telescope assembled in space, orbiting the earth as a manned satellite.

When speculating about the possible form, if any, of *intelligent* life elsewhere in the universe, we must remember that our own form has been sanctified by the Incarnation. The implication of this must be left to the theologians, but there is another interesting possibility indicated by science. In the course of evolution on earth, mammals and birds were companions in origin before the age of the giant reptiles. In our own succeeding age there was a time when some large birds gave up flying and might have developed their quilled wing-members into elaborate holding devices. Such birds were seven feet tall, while the ancestor of the horse was as small as our dogs. On earth the moment passed, but if there is another planet like this, might it not be ruled by a race of 'tool-using' birds?

Telescopic exploration has revealed that our stars, whose immense separation from one another we can measure around us, exist in enormous numbers in a disc-shaped galaxy. The disc is thick and has a central bulge, round which all its 100,000 millions of stars slowly revolve, including ourselves, with the sun at about three-fifths of the disc radius from the centre. There is a very great variety in the types of stars: tens of thousands of times bigger or smaller than our sun, hotter or cooler, heavier or lighter, double stars and pulsating stars. It is quite impossible to see if any of them are provided with planets, and since no satisfactory explanation has yet been found for the formation of our sun's own planets, it is reasonable to suppose that this is a rare phenomenon. Nevertheless there is the unanswerable argument that among so many stars even a rarity must exist in large numbers.

We have already seen that our own galaxy is one of a cluster and that other such clusters are visible in all directions as far as our telescopes can reach. This already totals about 800 million galaxies and, according to one modern theory which is supported by many eminent scientists, as fast as the universe expands so is

The former Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, F.R.S., investigated the evidence and arguments for and against the natural evolution of life on other planets, and his conclusions may be summed up by the following extract from his book on the subject:¹

Our quest for conditions suitable for life to exist was unsuccessful until we came to Mars . . . when at length we found a world where the conditions were such that the possibility of life of some sort existing could not be excluded.

The physical conditions required for the orderly development of life, irrespective of the actual origin of life, are so delicately complex as to amount to a near-impossibility. For example, the ozone in our upper atmosphere screens us from the ultra-violet in sunlight which would destroy all exposed living cells, but which is thought to have been required paradoxically for the initial process of cell-building on a large scale. This screen, therefore, must have come into being at just that time in the earth's history when many other conditions were favourable for life. Conversely, no fresh origins of life can have occurred since that time.

In a recent paper read to the British Interplanetary Society,² Dr J. W. S. Pringle, F.R.S., showed that detailed examinations of the conditions likely to be required for the development of higher forms of life, tend to lead to the conclusion that the earth is quite a freak in this respect. For example, our moon is so big in proportion to the earth that the tides must have played an important part in the emergence of life from water to land. The possession of such a moon is so puzzling a feature that astronomers often prefer to call us a 'double planet'.

The distances to our two nearest planets, Mars and Venus, vary tremendously because of the relative orbital motions, but this factor would become unimportant if we travelled away from the sun and beyond the orbit of Mars. Great improvements on our present technology would be required to go so far, through the debris of an ancient planet and past the giant planets to Pluto, where the sun would be nothing but a bright star: cold and useless. All this is in our little 'archipelago', and the stars would not be significantly nearer to Pluto than they are to us here.

When all the planets and moons of the solar system have been explored and the preliminary processes of husbandry started on

¹ *Life on Other Worlds*, second edition.

² *Conditions for Life*, 2 November 1957.

fact the movement of the sun round the earth. Later it was realized that observation did not present us with this 'fact'. What was observed was the change of position of the sun and to this fact was added in imagination the picture of the sun moving through the heavens. To most people space is a fact, but it is perhaps worth our while to ask how much of our picture of space is fact and how much imagination.

To begin with, what exactly is involved in our mental picture of space? It may well be that people have different ideas about it, but to judge from the way they speak and write, most of them seem to picture space as a vast emptiness in which the various bodies of the universe exist and move. Whether there are any parts of it completely empty of bodies is not always explicitly stated but it is generally assumed that much of it is comparatively empty. In some respects, too, it appears to be more primitive than the bodies which exist in it. By this I do not mean that people believe that space existed before there were bodies to occupy it, or that it would persist even if all the material bodies of the universe were to be annihilated, but that they think of bodies as occupying a certain amount of otherwise empty space. Once a body is located in space then its position relative to other bodies is determined and its distance from them can be measured.

It is inevitable, too, that once we start speaking about space we try to envisage its boundaries. To most of us this is an impossible task since as soon as we mentally fix some kind of frontier to space we spontaneously picture still further space outside. Modern theories have tried to show that this is not necessary and that it is possible to represent mathematically a space which has no boundaries and yet which does not go on for ever, but for most of us the image of a space which goes on endlessly still persists. The reason for this seems to be that we are unable to picture a small amount of space except as a part of a larger space and so on *ad infinitum*.

If the foregoing description of space, as most of us picture it, is correct, then it is quite clear that a number of features in it exist only in our imagination. For a start, the image of an emptiness which is nevertheless measurable is clearly fictional. Only what is dimensional can be measured and one cannot seriously ascribe dimensions to nothingness. Secondly our inability to represent the boundaries of space suggest at the very least that there is something wrong with our picture of it. The fact that it is difficult to

fresh diffuse matter continually being created, and continually condensing into fresh galaxies and stars. Our own 'archipelago' comes near to being a vast but not quite inexhaustible universe, while the true universe, by its very nature, can never be more than broached, whatever prodigious and age-long efforts might follow on the present puny beginnings.

III: The Illusion of Space

By G. E. EKBERY

SPACE has always been the object of philosophical interest but recently it has been given an increasing amount of publicity. We are told that we stand at the threshold of the space-age and that soon, suitably equipped, we shall begin to explore outer space. It will probably be the moon first, then Mars and after that who knows what distant planets and stars will become the object of our explorations. What we shall find there is anyone's guess—new forms of life, other intelligent creatures, supra-human beings—all have been suggested, sometimes with great wealth of detail.

The solid basis of fact for this dazzling prospect is as yet very small. Men have recently succeeded in projecting missiles into orbits round the earth, astronomy and physics have discovered a great deal about the formation of the solar and other stellar systems, distances between us and other heavenly bodies have been calculated and shown to be enormous. To this basis of fact, however, much has been added by way of reasonable conjecture and, it must be added, vivid imagination. Most people are aware of this and are in consequence somewhat sceptical about the possibility of week-end trips to the moon or hunting expeditions with the inhabitants of Mars. Nevertheless, underlying this scepticism there is a widespread acceptance of space as a fact, even though our ability to penetrate it very far be questioned.

Now it is precisely on this point of accepting space as a fact that some philosophical reflexion is needed. The human mind is constantly in danger of accepting as completely factual things which exist partly in imagination. For centuries men accepted as

the dimensional features of the universe abstractly is an intellectual one. It is not that we are trying to think of nothingness but that we are trying to grasp the dimensional character of the universe without considering its other properties. This intellectual effort, which gives rise to the mathematical sciences, cannot however be made without an accompanying imaginative effort. Spontaneously we always try to represent imaginatively the objects of our thought. How can we represent imaginatively the mere dimensions of the universe apart from the universe itself? Largely by trying to retain in our minds the picture of dimensions while eliminating all other sensible and perceptible properties. This is in fact impossible. The nearest we can get to imagining pure dimensions is to imagine a vaguely coloured, featureless expanse, empty of solid bodies, the boundaries of which, like the horizon, always seem to recede whenever we try to imagine them. Since this mental image is not of anything in particular we are inclined to say that it is an image of empty space, and there is a consequent danger of our identifying this image with the intellectual conception of a spatial background of the universe. We even find ourselves inclined to accept this image as the picture of nothingness.

To sum up, the mental picture which we have of space is quite complex. It contains first of all certain intellectual elements of abstract thought, mainly the idea of a dimensional structure in the universe. There is secondly the accompanying awareness of certain parts of the universe in which we find nothing perceptible. There is, lastly, the resultant vague image of an unending expanse of emptiness.

It should be clear from this that the only facts involved in our idea of space are first that the universe is really dimensional and that there are certain parts of it comparatively empty of perceptible bodies. This of course does not mean that there is nothing at all present in these parts. The idea of the bodies in the universe separated from each other by measurable amounts of nothingness is nonsensical. All that can be deduced from our inability to perceive anything is that such parts of the universe are not the source of activities which affect, so far as we know, our sensitive organs.

It might be thought that this attempt to analyse the notion of space is purely academic and without practical interest. After all, whether we call the parts of the universe between the stars empty space or not seems of little importance. The fact is, it may be said,

describe, even mathematically, a limited and yet unbounded space adds further confirmation of the fact that our ordinary picture of space is to some extent fictional.

The truth is, of course, that we have no experience of completely empty space. What we do experience is a universe of dimensional character some parts of which are, or appear to us to be, empty of perceptible bodies. Because we perceive nothing we tend to say that there is nothing in these parts of the universe. This is the beginning of our idea of space. Added to this there is the intellectual need to represent the dimensional structure of the physical universe without explicit reference to the actual bodies which constitute it. It is very easy, however, to pass from the idea of a merely dimensional structure to the idea of a merely dimensional background. So there grows up in our minds the idea of a purely dimensional background of the universe the structure of which can be described in abstract mathematical terms of quantity. Up till recently it was assumed that the geometrical description of this background would follow the rules of Euclidean geometry. The need, however, to incorporate elements of physical description has involved a change in this point of view and it is customary now to describe the dimensional background of the universe as a totality which cannot adequately be defined in terms of mere Euclidean geometry. It should, however, be realized that this dimensional background exists only in thought. It is a purely abstract way of thinking of the real physical universe of bodily existence. It is not therefore wrong, but should be recognized as partly due to a mental fiction. If the word space is used to signify this dimensional background then it is clear that space does not exist except in so far as the actual dimensions of the universe exist. To put it more vividly, the annihilation of all the bodies in the universe would not leave behind an empty space which they previously occupied. Space as the dimensional property of the universe would itself be annihilated with the material bodies which make up the universe and nothing would be left, not an emptiness, but nothing at all. This does not, however, alter the fact that we continue frequently to consider space not so much as a real feature of the universe but as an emptiness in which the universe exists.

This failure to recognize the abstract character of our idea of space is due to a weakness inherent in our constitution. Our thinking is very dependent on our imagination. The need to represent

separate thing. Although dependent on God it nevertheless is imagined as existing, to put it crudely, almost side by side with Him. God and the universe are thus separated. To prove God's existence then we have to pass from a self-contained spatial universe which possesses a certain absoluteness to an 'outside' cause from which it depends. Unless we accept as evident the fact that the universe had a beginning in time, this transition is not easy.

Now, strange as it may seem, the image of space has a great deal to do with our idea of time. If space is represented as more primitive than the universe which exists in it, then we tend to think of time as a factor external to the things and processes in the universe. Time appears to be the unending continuation of a spatial order. In this way it becomes something external to the material realities of the universe, a framework or background linking together events and processes as space links together by distance-relationships the bodies in the universe. Thus space and time are represented as separate from the things of the universe, and constitute a permanent background or theatre for the things and events which make up material reality. As space is unending so, too, is time. Just as we are unsure how far out into space the universe extends, so, too, are we uncertain how far back into time it stretches. If we postulate a beginning of the material universe in time, then, I suppose, we imply that it has been created. If on the other hand we are unsure of this beginning in time then there appears to be no compelling reason to insist on creation since, leaving aside the question of a beginning, the main arguments for the existence of God and creation are based on the need to refer the relative being of finite things to some absolute being as their source. Since, however, in this context it is uncertain whether finite things have a source, since we are not sure that they began to exist, and since space and time have been endowed with the character of an absolute, these arguments do not appear completely convincing.

We can state the same idea briefly as follows. If we represent the universe as existing in a space-time framework separate from God then we have equivalently admitted that God as a fact does not enter into the universe. It exists on its own. To pass from saying 'on its own' to saying 'by itself' is fatally easy.

To picture space and time as a background to the universe can involve us in the dangers referred to above because it makes

that these parts of the universe are such that bodies can and do travel through them without encountering much resistance, and so for practical purposes they are empty. Why not call these uninhabited regions of the universe empty space and stop worrying about their possible status as reality?

This attitude is understandable, and from the point of view of future travel beyond the earth I suppose it does not matter what we call the apparently empty regions of the universe. There are, however, one or two other points to be considered. It is surprising how profoundly our fictional image of empty space penetrates our thinking on different kinds of subjects. Sometimes this involves a real distortion in our minds. Recognition of this cannot be a purely academic question.

To begin with, there are certain tendencies observable in our thinking about the universe which seem in part at least traceable to an uncritical acceptance of the image of space. Mere extended emptiness has all the characteristics of an absolute thing. It is indestructible, because there is in it nothing to destroy. It is changeless and immovable although things can change and move in it. Its dimensions remain unaltered because they are the dimensions of mere emptiness. Consequently it becomes impossible to relate this empty spatial background of the universe to anything superior to it. It cannot be related to anything which contains it, for this would involve the acceptance of boundaries and the consequent admission that there was something outside space. It cannot be related to God since the only way in which things are contained in God is because of His creative activity, and we cannot think of absolute emptiness as the effect of God's activity. God cannot create a void.

It is indeed possible that we wrongly imagine empty space as the nothingness outside God out of which He created the universe, and it seems likely that this kind of false image is present in many people's minds. This may lead to serious consequences for once we begin to think of God as a creator who exists in conditions other than those of the spatial order of the universe we tend to locate Him outside the universe. Even though we recognize that this phrase 'outside the universe' or 'outside space' is not to be taken to mean that God exists in a spatial order external to the spatial order of the universe, we are nevertheless liable to the danger of thinking of God as separate from the universe. This way of thinking tends to represent the universe existing in space as a complete

outside God, nor does it exist side by side with him. It exists in him, created by him and therefore other than him.

It may be said then that one result of a critical analysis of our conception of space is that we can avoid the danger of thinking of God and the physical universe as separated facts only externally related. We can see that God's presence in the universe is not the intrusion of an outside agent but the embrace of one who contains within himself and gives reality there and meaning to all that is. This is not to confuse the immensity of God with space but to recognize that a finite universe has only substance and reality in the infinite spiritual being of God.

It might be suggested that many modern thinkers have given up the idea of an absolute space and time as a background of the universe and that therefore the dangers to which I have alluded are imaginary. It is true that the old ideas of absolute space and time are now obsolete. Nevertheless what appears to have taken their place is still something less than a frank recognition that spatiality and temporality are intrinsic features in the existence of material things. Space and time are not any longer considered as uniform receptacles of material bodies. They have been linked more closely together and certain relative elements have been imported into their conception and description. It is difficult for the layman to assess the import of these new scientific theories. The words space and time are, however, still in use and they still seem to mean something in the nature of a background to the physical universe. This is enough to raise in our minds the image of space, possibly curved or folded back on itself instead of uniform, but still space, and it is precisely from this image of space that the wrong idea of our relation to God seems to stem.

In conclusion it may be worth while pointing out that the recognition of the relative character of dimensions and time as factors in, not outside, material things can have further philosophical repercussions. The whole idea of distance, whether spatial or temporal, undergoes profound modification when looked at from this point of view. Distances exist only within the universe, but all parts of the universe, dimensional or temporal, are equally present to the absolute. The fact that all extension and all time are equally present to and contained in something which is unextended and timeless, can help us to grasp the true nature of the universe in a way which almost jolts our minds with the realization of our complete and utter dependence on God.

us do two things. It makes us limit to some extent the creation of God because we exempt space and time from this creation. It also makes us take out of material things the two features of their reality which show most clearly their relative and dependent character. Instead of seeing spatiality and temporality as intrinsic conditions of material existence we see them as external and absolute factors.

On the other hand if we recognize that the mental representation of both space and time are abstract ways of thinking about things, then the dimensional and temporal character of things is grasped as a factor intrinsic in them. They are seen for what they are, namely, limiting factors in the very existence of things. This allows us to grasp more clearly the fact that a material thing must be apprehended against a background, not of space and time, but of more perfect being. Anything which is intrinsically dimensional and whose existence is intrinsically temporal does not exist absolutely. Its actuality is made up of parts, it involves a certain sequence. Existence of this sort, involving as it does a following on of part upon part, implies a certain process. It is not full complete existence but a kind of transition. It is not therefore intelligible by itself. As all change and movement must ultimately be referred to things, so too temporal and dimensional existence, in so far as it involves an element of process, must be related to something non-temporal and non-spatial which absolutely is. If we cannot refer the universe to a background of absolute space and time then we must refer it to an absolute being. We cannot avoid the conviction that the words 'here' and 'now' have definite meaning, that ultimately they point to something absolute. If this is not a fictional background of absolute space and time, then it must be something absolute in a different way. It must be an absolute being in itself absolutely unconditioned and yet the ultimate reference for all dimensional and temporal reality. Furthermore material reality is not to be referred to the absolute as to something apart and external to it. The absolute is that which contains within it that which is referred to it. If this were not so we would be back where we started with the temporal and dimensional universe existing on its own apart from the absolute. This does not mean that we must think of the material universe as a part of God. It is 'contained' in God but distinct from Him. We cannot in any sense identify the absolute with the relative. Granted this distinction, however, it remains true that the dimensional and temporal universe is not

more civilized behaviour—well, religion has no cause to boast. What is clear and what is seeping into the consciousness of ordinary people from every side is that it is applied science and not religion that is determining man's way of life. It is to science that we must look to draw mankind from its poverty and misery, and many research workers and technicians have in the contrast between their own life and that of their parents a private support to their confidence in what their knowledge and skill can do for the human race.

'That does not mean a facile optimism. There are fools who may destroy all in a senseless war. But risk often accompanies human enterprise. A climber on a dangerous ascent recognizes the risk that all may end in disaster, but he feels within him the strength of his limbs, experiences the thrill of the climb and is spurred on by the thought of the summit. And there is no easier way. Religion is not going to stop a war, and the Christian moral code was never intended for this technical age. It will be even more out of place when man not only changes his environment but also, by his knowledge of genetics, begins to change himself. No wonder then that the launching of the sputniks and the news about Zeta were received with a firm satisfaction. Political issues are secondary. What matters is the dramatic reassurance that science retains the power to transform human existence and that this power is gathering in momentum. Religion? Why mention it? It is no longer relevant. And if there is continual talk of a religious revival, it is because eddies always make more disturbance when the current is strong.'

The above, I think, represents fairly a widespread attitude. Often it is unformulated and more practical than theoretical. The details too may vary, but in some such way many an Englishman looks out on a universe without faith. Easy to dub it shallow from the standpoint of one's own experience of the Christian life; easy but ineffectual. Again, the metaphysician and the theologian can rightly point out its defects and refute one by one its individual assertions; it remains surprisingly undislodged. Its strength lies in the fact that it is a general attitude of mind which does not rest on any one particular objection. Yet nothing imposes it. It is possible to represent the relationship between the Christian faith and science in an entirely different way. The old antagonism was never more gratuitous than it is at present. Development within science itself has brought home to scientists the limited function of

IV: With or Without Faith?

By CHARLES DAVIS

IT IS not that science has disproved religion; it has simply made it irrelevant. There is no cause for excited discourse about this; let the inevitable take its time. The conviction grows that the age of religion is past, that faith is an incongruous feature in our modern mental landscape—a Gothic church embedded in a new town; some still cling to it, most ignore it, and eventually the far-seeing will be able to have it quietly removed. The pitched battles are past; the real conquest is being achieved by the general change in mental climate. The unimaginable immensity of the universe reduces the God conceived in function of the cosy universe of the past to an unimportant figure projected by man's mind. If man had so little idea of the real universe, he is hardly likely to have achieved much accuracy in conceiving the Power that governs it.

Man himself formerly held the centre of the stage. He was lord of the material creation; his God looked down on him in love or in anger and became incarnate in his nature, anxious to save him from his folly; the destiny of the entire universe was correlative to his own. This now looks as out of date as an ancient myth. Man, though a wonderfully interesting organism, is but a fragile and insignificant unit in the cosmos as a whole. His origin and his future are bound up with remote cosmic forces of which he is a lesser by-product. He might eliminate himself or be eliminated without repercussions of any magnitude. Why inflate man's understandable concern with himself to cosmic proportions? Why, too, hold on to the postulates of his past ignorance?

The ever-increasing knowledge of matter in its complexity and potentialities is making it more and more unnecessary to demand a fiat of a Creator to explain the origin of man or of life or of the cosmic process. In the cosmological field religion has nothing to offer and, despite the ingenuity of theologians, it still bears all the marks of an outlook long since surpassed. Nor need it claim our attention in the moral order. Christians are not noticeably better than others in their personal lives and relationships, and if technical progress has not immediately brought a

concerned and where the Christian teaching about man and human destiny is very much to the point and cannot be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration or as out of place in this technical age. Faith opens up a vast universe of another kind, which leaves intact for man but transfigures with new meaning the universe before his eyes. Why then do so many prefer a universe without faith to a universe with faith? It seems a preference for loss rather than gain.

To deal with this question on the individual level is for the pastor of souls. He has to co-operate from without in the work of God's grace within men. God alone knows the secrets of the heart, and the workings of His grace are intricate as it acts to open the mind of man to the call of faith, against the forces, including but not alone sin, that shut him upon himself. Unwise to simplify in this matter. When this has been said, it still remains of interest and of importance to take in its objective aspect this reaction from faith and examine what it is. What do we find? That it is just that: a reaction from faith, a turning away from the kind of knowledge faith offers. What causes offence is not any particular doctrine but the very idea of faith. Many are bewildered over what it is supposed to be, and what they hear makes them mistrust it. Others realize better what it involves and they dislike this. Whether vaguely or more clearly understood, faith is refused as unpalatable. Behind this rejection stands the contrast between scientific knowledge and faith. Scientific knowledge is knowledge. People think they know what it means and how it works. What is faith? How can it claim my mind? It demands an absolute and categorical assent to doctrines as true, yet that assent essentially depends on a free choice by me, a free commitment on my part; and this itself is only possible by the grace of God. Is this genuine knowledge or a forcing of the mind? Can thought be the fruit of a choice and remain thought? The contrast of the personal commitment required in faith and the impartial objectivity of scientific thinking leads many to turn aside from faith as unworthy of a mature mind.

One thing at least is correct in this estimate of faith: faith is indeed very different from scientific knowledge, or for that matter from any knowledge within man's own power. Faith is a unique act; it takes man outside his own order and gives him entry to a higher one. Small wonder that the mental process is disconcerting and that some find it more comfortable to remain where they are.

scientific hypotheses, and there is nothing in modern scientific thought that need cause the believer or the theologian any distress.¹ Conflict has purified our grasp of the faith and helped us to distinguish it from the adventitious elements with which it gets mingled. The scientist who is a Christian can go about his task without any sense that his faith is a hindrance. The acknowledgment of an infinite, transcendent God is more likely to be strengthened than weakened by a study of the immensity of the universe. Man's material insignificance drives home the teaching of man's nothingness before God and the utter gratuitousness of God's love; and the Christian may readily admit that the details of God's plan for the universe are outside his knowledge. To reject creation on scientific grounds is crudely to misunderstand its meaning. The evolutionary process with its display of what is relative and finite demands, not excludes, the unfailing presence of the Absolute or Creator; and this does not necessitate any break in the continuity of phenomena.² The doctrine of the direct creation of each human soul expresses a truth about man's nature which is supported by the data of his consciousness. Man transcends the material; and for that reason his origin even as an individual cannot be explained exclusively in terms of material antecedents. The creative influence of God can alone account in man for the presence of a spiritual principle—but that does not modify at all the findings of embryology. But this is not the place to run over once more the individual objections. The point is clear: in theory, the scientist has no reason to fear faith as an obstacle and the believer has no cause to fight shy of science. Tension, here and there, will always occur; it is part of the condition of human knowledge. But it can be a fruitful tension. The limited scope now allowed to scientific theories by the scientists and the sifting of traditional data accomplished by the theologians make unlikely any attempt to weld together in one synthesis the teaching of revelation and contemporary scientific thought; each has its own order. All the same, they are bound to make contact at a number of points, and why should not the ensuing discussion be profitable to both? And science is not self-sufficient. Its very progress has given rise to a situation about which the scientists themselves are

¹ For a detailed and balanced study of some individual problems, see *Christian Theology and Natural Science: Some Questions on their Relations*, by E. L. Mascall (London, 1956).

² A profound treatment of the meaning of creation is given by Fr Sertillanges, O.P., in *L'idée de création et ses retentissements en philosophie* (Paris, 1945).

The Christian teaching on the requirements of justice and charity has an intimate bearing on the conflict between the nations; it provides no political solution for the present deadlock. And so on. Man still needs to think and improve his knowledge. Faith does not diminish the usefulness of science. There is every reason to look to science for a greater alleviation of poverty and for a greater knowledge and control of man's environment; but to know why he exists and how he must live a man must turn to God in faith. The force of God's love has given him a destiny that in its reality and implications lies well outside the range of his unaided reason.

But it is when we ask why we believe or what is the motive of our faith that the full strangeness of the act of faith becomes apparent. In science what we accept is what we see as true. The statement or hypothesis may have but a limited truth and we qualify our assent accordingly, but our assent is measured by the truth laid bare before the mind in its investigation of reality. In faith we do not see the truth of what we believe. We believe something because in it we encounter God. Faith in technical terms is called a theological virtue. That means in simpler language that in faith there is a personal encounter with God. The motive of our faith is God himself as the First and Absolute Truth. What we first reach and affirm by our act of faith is the presence of the testimony of God; our acceptance of all the rest is carried by our assent to a testimony as divine. Offered a message, preached from without us and furnished with various signs of its divine origin or authenticity, the mind responds by faith when it acknowledges in it the word or testimony of God and thereby accepts its truth. The mind is not confronted with the truth of the message but with the marks it bears of a divine communication. In one simple movement of faith, the believer assents to its divine origin and to its value as divine truth. Across the contingent structure of preaching and signs, man comes into contact with God as Truth and moulds his thought on that of God.

That is all very well, the agnostic might rejoin, but how is God made present to us in our act of faith? In what way does the First Truth become the norm of our thought? It would be easier to answer this if we could say that the mind sees God as Truth and conforms its knowledge to what it sees. That, however, would be the intuitive vision of God, reserved to the blessed; it would not be faith. Faith is essentially a knowledge in obscurity, and its motive, the First Truth, remains unseen. The paradox of faith lies

A unique act, but still an act of the mind. To attempt, as some have done, to save faith or to disparage it as a blind emotion or sentiment is a grave error. Faith takes man higher not lower. It is dissatisfying intellectually—that is why we shall pass from it to the clear vision of God; yet already in its painful obscurity it is a gift of divine light. It is regrettable that there is no unambiguous language in which to express the reaction of the spiritual depths of man when what is good is presented to him. The inclination of man's spirit to the good carries with it an intellectual awareness of goodness and of the conformity of the will to it that puts this spiritual affectivity poles apart from an irrational urge or sentiment. The affective side of man's spiritual make-up has an indispensable role in the act of faith; let it not be confused with unreasoning emotion. Faith, with all its peculiarities, is a reasonable intellectual assent. How does it differ from scientific knowledge?

A first, manifest difference lies in its object, in what is believed. The content of faith seems very disparate, but it possesses in fact a close unity. Fundamentally what is made known to us is the gratuitous love of God for man: that unexpected love that did not limit itself to creation but poured itself out on man, calling him to share as a son in the very life of God. This love has been revealed in an order of sin and redemption, in which Christ, God the Son incarnate, has been sent us by the Father as the supreme manifestation of His love and the source of our power to respond to it. All this goes beyond mere human knowledge, as what it demands goes beyond mere human ability; such divine charity is by definition undiscoverable from creation. Nevertheless, in being surpassed, human knowledge is not supplanted. Faith is not an easy way of giving man all the answers. There is a temptation to expect at once too much and too little from faith. Too little: people can so easily reduce the Christian faith to a bunch of moral precepts with some teaching about a supreme model to be imitated, without realizing the staggeringly unexpected and far-reaching character of God's plan and its inevitable repercussions on man's entire life and activity. Too much: the possession of ultimate truth through faith is a temptation to forget that the more laborious processes of human knowledge still have their place. Faith, however helpful its influence, does not of itself give the answer to all problems, even human problems. The faith tells us what should be our attitude as Christians to the poor of India; it does not show us how to build an irrigation system to relieve their need.

the First Truth. The impulse leads us to develop in ourselves from now, in the measure possible, a relationship and intimate union of our thought with God. When the divine call comes from without, the will with its desire carries us beyond what we see into the darkness of faith. To be docile to God in faith implies that we allow our intellect to be guided by our will when this is drawn to the First Truth. Faith, indeed, can be described as the virtue by which the intellect is rendered disposed to obey the will as it moves towards the divine Truth.

There is no denying that in faith we sacrifice our intellectual independence. This mental autonomy of ours was always limited, but there is an undoubted attraction in relying exclusively on our own mental processes, on the native light of our own mind. It is a sacrifice too made in a darkness that is bound to be mortifying to man's mind, avid for clarity. Yet withal an enriching sacrifice. Already in this life the believing mind feeds on a higher truth and, as this truth is assimilated into its thought, comes to realize that the darkness of faith is worth incomparably more than the brightness of ordinary knowledge. The sacrifice, however, is but a preparation for the clear vision of God. The free homage of our faith is to be rewarded by a possession of Truth that will satisfy our intellectual natures to the inmost recesses of their being.

Faith is meritorious because it is a free homage. It is well to recall this freedom of faith, despite the difficulty it seems to add to the understanding of this assent. We accept the message as from God freely. It is stamped with the marks of its divine origin. These are enough to make it worthy of belief; they are not such as to compel our minds to acknowledge it as divine. They show us clearly that we ought to believe; they do not remove our freedom to refuse. The response of man to God's love is fittingly left free even in its basic act. But freedom must not be confused with uncertainty. There is perhaps some excuse for confusion. The intellect was not made to pick and choose among truths but to conform itself at once to any truth presented. Freedom of knowledge only arises in the natural order from lack of that strict evidence that justifies and causes an absolute certitude. The will may then intervene and cause a limited assent to be given because of its suitability, usefulness or value; it cannot force an absolute assent without doing violence to reason, because any motive to justify this is absent. Faith brings together the seemingly incompatible requirements of an absolute and unreserved assent and freedom to

here. We judge in faith with unhesitating certitude that a message is a communication to us of God as Truth and, in doing so, accept it as divinely true, but without in any way seeing the divine Truth that motivates our assent. God does not become present to us in faith by showing Himself to our intellect. How then? By arousing in us an inclination towards Himself, the Supreme Truth, as an object to be desired above all, as a norm to be revered above all. This is where the will and grace enter into faith; let us remember that they are an essential part of its structure. Without them there neither is nor can be an act of supernatural faith. What is their role? Seen or unseen, God is in reality the supreme good of an intelligent being, and, in the present order, He offers Himself to man to be known and loved as He is in Himself. The direct possession of Him by man's intellect and will has become man's ultimate destiny and final happiness. Faith is the first, radical turning of man towards that destiny. Through the gift of grace there arises in us an active desire for communion and direct intellectual relationship with God. No longer content with our human and restricted mode of thinking, we aspire after the vision of God with a restlessness that can no longer be assuaged. It is God Himself who draws us towards this, who awakens in us the, perhaps uncomprehended, longing. And it is this longing that makes faith possible.

God, our supernatural end, directs us to Himself in a new way. A desire is provoked in us by His grace which the beatific vision will alone fulfil. This inclination, moving us towards a full and direct intellectual union with Him, makes us seek to satisfy ourselves already here and now in an initial way. It acts in us as a directive principle of our judgements. It forms an inner light or testimony that accompanies the external revelation, not as adding to this any new object, but as giving the mind the power to discern what is presented. When God communicates Himself to us in an initial way by revelation we are led by His grace to pursue eagerly all that we can discover and assimilate of the content of that Supreme Truth which we desire to contemplate later in its totality. The external message comes before the mind with objective signs expressly adapted by God to lead it to recognize his presence in the way proper to faith. The grace within gives man that inclination necessary if he is to respond to and discern supernatural goodness and transcendent divine value. What alone explains the particular and original intellectual process of our act of faith is the existence in our grace-endowed wills of this efficacious desire for union with

give or refuse it. This is so because of its motive. Although this remains unseen by the intellect, which assents to it only when moved by the will, it is a motive that excludes of its nature any possibility of error and demands for that reason an absolute and unconditional assent. To give less to what is divine is unthinkable. At the same time, the peculiar character of faith means that its certitude, with its supreme firmness, comes not from what the intellect sees but from the movement of the will under the impulse of grace.

There is little doubt that the picture of the act of faith thus outlined presents many aspects that disconcert the scientific mind. It is tempting to try to lessen such an effect. This can rightly be done by pointing out the etiolated character of the views on human knowledge current today. Scientific method and reasoning have their place; they do not embrace the whole of human knowledge even in the natural order. The claim that no knowledge is valid unless it is gathered by man as a detached spectator with no personal commitment that would influence his judgement cannot be sustained of all branches of human thought. The affective side of man has its part to play in the acquisition of truth. Again, the prejudice that everything can be expressed in clear and distinct ideas and that what is not knowable in that way is not worth knowing serves to cripple man's thinking. These are but hints that man's relationship to truth is richer and more complex than many allow. Were this realized, some features of his entry by faith into a higher order would seem less starkly incongruous.

A much less happy way of making the idea of faith more acceptable is to reconstruct the act of faith in a quasi-scientific form. Many have thought that we can reduce in that way the distance between faith and science. The keystone in their structure is the establishment by natural reason of the fact of revelation. The arguments of apologetics are considered to prove beyond question the divine origin of the Christian religion, even to a man unaided by grace. Armed with a natural certitude of the fact of revelation, a man can go on to believe the truths revealed with every confidence in the reasonableness of his act. He knows by his natural reason the existence of God and his unfailing veracity; he knows by his natural reason that God has revealed these truths; based on these preambles, the act of faith whereby he accepts the truths concerned is manifestly the act of an intelligent and reasonable man. What cause here for even the most exacting intellect to jib?

The vogue and influence of this view in modern theology make it a surprise to learn its comparative novelty. For Capreolus, Cajetan and all the older Thomist school, for Suarez, de Lugo, Bellarmine and other writers, the fact of revelation was an object of faith, not of ordinary knowledge. We accept the divine origin of the Christian revelation, or of a given truth in it, by our act of faith. That is, in fact, what we primarily assent to when we believe. The act of faith is an assent by which we acknowledge a communication as divine and thereby, in one and the same movement, acknowledge its truth. As an object of faith the fact of revelation remains inevident, that is, without that evidence that would motivate of itself an absolute assent. We 'demonstrate' it as we 'demonstrate' the divinity of Christ or the other truths of faith; namely, we show that it is credible or worthy of the free assent of faith. We do not make it evident. The more recent analysis of faith was introduced under the influence of Cartesian philosophy. Put forward in the seventeenth century it was at first opposed as a daring innovation, but it later gained that ascendancy that is only gradually being thrown off.¹ Its straightforwardness is only deceptive, and it leads to insuperable difficulties when we try to save the essential characteristics of faith.

What are its implications? Faith ceases to be an encounter with God in which He Himself becomes the motive of my belief and the light of my thought; it is reduced to a natural knowledge in which my assent rests ultimately on my own reasoning and on the light native to my mind. What I accept may be supernatural truths, but the reason why I accept them is evidence assessed by the mind using its own power and resources. It is how St Thomas explains the faith of the devils. And can this process account for the free yet absolute character of faith? If the arguments adduced for the fact of revelation are apodictic, then the mind has no choice but to accept the divine truth of what is revealed. What is revealed may be established only indirectly; it is still decisively established. No sane man can doubt the existence of America on the ground that he has never seen it. But if the force of the arguments is limited, then the assent which rests upon them must be limited also, and faith loses its absolute character. This shows us how little this view of faith helps us to defend the reasonableness of that unique act. Faith is reasonable wherever it is found; if it devi-

¹ A fuller account of this will be found in *La vraie notion thomiste des 'proambula fides'*, by G. de Broglie, S.J., *Gregorianum*, 34 (1953), pp. 341-89.

ates at all from right reason, to that extent it ceases to be a virtue. The faith of the peasant or child is not a whit less reasonable than the faith of the theologian. It is also, wherever it is found, an absolute, infallible and irrevocable assent. There is nothing provisional in the faith of a child or unlettered person. Now whatever the value of the arguments of our natural reason for the fact of revelation, they are not known by all believers with sufficient understanding to justify an absolute assent; they cannot then be the essential factor in the reasonableness of faith. What is justified by the quasi-scientific process of faith is only a natural assent proportionate to the known force of the arguments. Such a process is already bewilderingly inadequate to explain the existence in the theologian of a free, yet absolute, supernatural assent, caused by the gift of grace; it faces an even more impossible task when it is a question of the faith of children and uneducated people. True, the object of faith must be presented to them by others in preaching and instruction, but the act of faith can never rest on another person's certitude; no absolute and irrevocable assent is accounted for in that way. The advantages of this approach turn out illusory, and the attempt to cut the act of faith to suit the Cartesian cloth has led to some very unsatisfactory theological patching. And many a mind has unnecessarily tormented itself by thinking of faith in that way.

Does that mean we refuse the scholar his right to investigate the Christian fact? Certainly not. The Christian religion does offer a natural credibility, a credibility before natural reason itself. It is a historical religion with historical claims that can be tested at the bar of history. The truths about Christ and the Church involve features that are patient of rational investigation, and that is also true of the many created signs with which God has accredited His revelation. The Christian religion defies a natural explanation. But more than that. Looking at the abundant marks it bears of its divine origin, we can say that even were God, which He never does, to leave man without grace before the Christian message, the mind could come by a natural knowledge to discern there His handiwork; always provided we do not claim that the arguments are of such force as to compel assent and bring an absolute certitude, because this would exclude the possibility of the mind responding by the homage of a free faith. Further, the body of Christian doctrine presupposes many philosophical truths. These by definition are fully capable of rational proof, and that

the existence of God can be proved in this way is an article of faith. The apologist has much to do. He must rebut the objections made against the Christian faith from every side—a work that clears away obstacles that keep many back from adequate contact with the message of Christ. There is also a positive task: to display the signs of credibility that accompany divine revelation—a work that confronts people with the external testimony that conveys the object of faith. The activity of apologetics never ends, since each human generation with its prejudices and ignorance has to be brought to look fairly at the Christian claim. Our age certainly needs to do so. But the nature of the act of faith forbids us to look to the rational force of the apologetic arguments for that essential credibility that justifies the act of faith and makes it reasonable wherever it is found.

Are we not in a quandary? Faith is reasonable. That means it must be guided in some way by evidence. Unless we would fall into a blind fideism, we must find in faith some element of vision which enlightens, directs and justifies our belief. What we see cannot be the truths of faith themselves nor their divine origin; that is precisely what we accept in obscurity by faith. What do we see? The evident knowledge that guides our faith is the knowledge of credibility. What is necessary in order to believe reasonably? It is that our mind perceive that the Christian revelation is sufficiently guaranteed by divine signs for us to have the right and duty of believing it. To perceive that we should believe something is not the same as to perceive its truth. To demand that what we are asked to believe be established as undeniably true is equivalently to refuse faith. The object of faith cannot be made evident, but there is made manifest to the mind that it is good and obligatory to give to it the assent of faith. With that the mind has what is sufficient and necessary for an act of faith to be reasonable; namely, an actual, concrete, individual perception, however unformulated, that it can and should believe this revelation as divine and true. With that it must be content.

But how can one perceive this, and perceive it clearly, without seeing the truth of the object of faith? In other words, is it possible in the last analysis to reconcile the obscurity of faith with its reasonableness? The Scholastics had at their disposal here a richer conception of human thought and its workings than many modern writers. The mind, they saw, has more than one way of perceiving a value. To perceive an object as credible is, in fact, to

perceive our act of faith as a good act in its response to the object of supernatural value set before us. The knowledge of credibility is the perception of a supernatural value. St Thomas, therefore, is able to bring it under what he calls knowledge by connaturality. This kind of knowledge is when the mind knows a good or value by its conformity to the inclination of the knowing subject. Thus the will with its virtues is present to the mind and, consequently, the mind can judge what is good by the way it accords with the inclinations of the will. In this way a virtuous man knows what is virtuous by its conformity to what he is. Now grace puts in us an inclination towards God as First Truth, a desire for direct intellectual union with him. This inclination draws us to Him as given to us already in an initial way in a supernatural revelation. When the message, with its signs adapted to reveal supernatural values, is presented and examined, the mind perceives its accord with the grace-produced inclination present to it and sees the act of faith as good and obligatory, because the only suitable response to such an object. The knowledge of credibility essential to faith comes to this: the perception in the concrete that my act of faith is a virtuous act because commanded by my inclination towards the supernatural good which constitutes my ultimate end. Hardly necessary to add that the believer can have this without the ability to analyse and formulate it; similarly, a man does not have to analyse in the abstract the dictate of his conscience before recognizing its validity. Such a concrete perception of credibility is present by God's grace in the simplest believer.

The pursuit after the meaning of faith has led perhaps far from the reflexions on the present state of unbelief with which this article opened. Yet is it not very much to the point to recall the essential character of faith? To remind ourselves that it is a free and humble submission of the mind made in obscurity? So easy under the pressure from unbelief unwittingly to forget this and go forth to meet the unbelieving mind on its own terms instead of calling it to conversion. The incessant labour of taking up individual objections and removing misunderstanding must always continue, but the primary requirement for the genesis of faith is the integral proclamation of the Christian message. Argument has its place, but fundamentally men are offered faith not argued into it. Valuable study has been done in recent years on the nature and structure of the Christian message. This can help us in our task. What is the core of the Christian message, its central theme?

What should be the characteristics of that missionary proclamation of the Gospel that calls men to faith and gives rise to faith?¹ The Christian message can be described briefly as the proclamation of the salvation wrought by God in Christ and offered to all men who repent and believe. The word 'proclamation' is used deliberately: the announcement of the Good News must resound, be public, solemn and dynamic. When it proclaims the salvation wrought by God, it is proclaiming an event, a history. The Christian message is not only a body of truths and precepts but also the telling of a history. The preacher makes known the mighty deeds of God, His actions for men, and unfolds the history of salvation in which God reveals Himself as Lord, Saviour and Father. But the salvation was wrought in Christ. All this history is centred in Christ and so is the message. It is the proclamation of the Good News of Jesus Christ. It announces the salvation, the new order, brought about by the death and resurrection of Christ. Centred on Christ, its heart is His paschal mystery. The salvation is offered to all men who repent and believe. The message is essentially a call to conversion. It tells sinners of their salvation and calls upon them to put away their sins and be converted. They must repent and believe. Such is the basic proclamation that gives rise to faith. When it is placed before men by the ministers of the Gospel, it is not a merely human utterance. Christ is the author of it, not merely its theme. When the message of Christ is preached, it carries with it the power of His Spirit to move and change the hearts of men.

Christ relies on men for the spreading of His Gospel. The Christian revelation, though illuminated for the soul by grace, must be presented from without. Within its content it already has signs of its divine value, but if its presentation is to be adequate it must be accompanied by some manifestation of divine and supernatural life in its witnesses. What is offered is not mere abstract teaching but a message of salvation. How can this be delivered effectively, if its bearers show no sign in themselves of the new life they proclaim? What God offers to man in revelation is holiness: a union with Him as He is in Himself, a share in what is proper to God; and that holiness comes not only as a gift but also as a deliverance to sinful man. The offer finds expression in the lives of His witnesses as well as in their words; otherwise it would be but

¹ Information and excellent reflexions are given in *L'annonce missionnaire de l'évangile*, by P. Hitz, C.S.S.R. (Paris, 1954).

half-made. We are often too facile in attributing a sense of emptiness, frustration and restlessness to unbelievers. Experience should teach us caution; many, perhaps an increasing number, feel quite satisfied and content with what this world with its achievements has to offer. The fact is that the revelation of man's inadequacy and sinfulness is correlative to the revelation of what is offered him by God's gratuitous love. That must be proclaimed by preaching; it must be shown forth by Christian lives. If the present situation demands the ceaseless presentation of the Christian message, it demands just as imperiously Christian holiness. That Christian lives are no different from others is an unanswerable objection—at least it can only be answered by pointing to Christian lives that are.

'At that time Jesus said openly, Father who art Lord of heaven and earth, I give thee praise that thou hast hidden all this from the wise and the prudent, and revealed it to little children' (Mt. xi, 25). A well-used text, but still relevant. It summarizes all that has been said. Humility and simplicity are required for faith; this is inescapably a surrender of the mind to God, in which a man goes beyond what his own mind assures to rely in darkness on divine truth. The paradox is that nothing is lost but all is gained.

CATHOLICS AND ENGLISH PUBLIC LIFE

A Council of Catholic Old Boys

By CLAUDE LEETHAM, Inst. Ch.¹

BISHOP BRAMSTON, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, issued a Pastoral Letter in 1830, a few months after Catholic Emancipation, warning Catholics of the dangers of entering public life. His chief fear was that they would become

¹ The writer, the President of Ratchiffe College, is Chairman of the Conference of Catholic Colleges.

'secularized'. Was he afraid of the Cisalpine Club, founded in 1791, as a continuation of the notorious Catholic Committee of 1783? In the eighteenth century no less than nine Catholic peers 'defected'. The Catholic gentry had no reverence for the clergy, whom they treated as chaplains and retainers, so that their own views about emancipation were developed with no reference to the Hierarchy. The Catholic Committee, calling themselves the 'Protesting Catholic Dissenters', entered into alliance with the Protestant Nonconformists, and persuaded a sympathetic Pitt to deal jointly with their disabilities. They were willing to take an oath that no orthodox Catholic could consider. After the condemnation of the Committee, the Cisalpine Club was a thorn in the side of the bishops for over thirty years.

Throughout the nineteenth century, the English Catholics took very little part in public life. While the Nonconformists, with their chapels in every village and in the rapidly growing industrial areas, became a powerful force in the Liberal Party, the Catholics remained a small and timid community, and their numbers grew slowly until the arrival of the Irish immigrants in the forties. It was to the aristocracy that Catholics continued to look to express their views and their needs, at a time when all that was left to the gentry was prestige. The gentry were mostly satisfied to live on their land, lending the prestige of their name to the local towns in which they took an interest, though they rarely undertook civic responsibility.

The rise of the Irish parliamentary party tended still more to deflect the Catholics from civic ambitions. In the large towns, where the Irish population grew rapidly, the English Catholic looked down on the newcomers: they left it to the Irish to make a community of their own. In turn, the Irish felt keenly that they had come to England because they had been driven out of their country; they carried with them the memory of the famine, they were embittered because the Irish battle, far from being won, was being fought not only in their own country, but amongst those with whom they dwelt. They were poor, they were without influence, and their only consolation was to see in Westminster, in the heart of hated England, the new party of Irish Nationalists. Thus we have the English Catholic fearful of having attention drawn to himself, despising his Irish co-religionist, and the Irish, helpless, without leaders, not looking for civic responsibilities, but looking to his compatriots in Parliament to fight for Ireland. Some sort of

parallel may be seen in the position of the Irish in the United States. Until the Irish political problem was resolved, they did not integrate themselves fully into the American community.

As late as 1883, when there were some sixty to seventy Irish Catholics in the House of Commons, a pamphleteer¹ wrote:

There are Welds, Maxwells, Stourtons, Scropes, Howards and Petres with many another. . . . What part do they take in the public life of England? . . . There is not a single English Catholic gentleman in the House of Commons, for it may be presumed that the nondescript member for Berwick 'don't count'. . . . They have never shown that they had any conception of their duties.

He goes on to say:

The class that the *Tablet* represents has nothing but lying and slander and the basest ingratitude for the people by whom they were emancipated, and by whom they are supported and protected.

The Catholic community, divided though it was, drew enormous public benefit from the presence at Westminster of the Irish members. Thus, nearly every measure that helped the Catholic cause was directly or indirectly passed with an eye on Ireland. Gladstone repealed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851, in order to pacify Ireland. The Nationalists later saved the Education Act of 1902, when the Liberal majority, with its Nonconformist element, tried to negative it in 1906. Yet, for much of the time, the English bishops were anti-Home Rule, which was the one measure that the Irish members looked upon as the very objective of their presence in Parliament. The generality of the English gentry were violently hostile, witness the almost brutal political incursions of the 'good earl' of Shrewsbury and of the Duke of Norfolk. More than anything else, this opposition on the part of those who always spoke for the English Catholics, confirmed the Irish in England in their negative attitude to civic life: psychologically, it was not possible to become part of the English community. Nor were the Irish members out of touch with their strong sympathizers in England. In fact, at election time, the Irish vote became a strong and valued support for the Liberal Party, which for so long sponsored the hopes of Ireland. A further restraining influence in the integration of Irish Catholics in the

¹ 'Letters of an Irish Catholic Layman,' in the *Nation*.

community was for a long time the thought that to join publicly any English organization was to deny their country, and be labelled 'turn-coats'. It is an influence that is not dead in the homeland, for the Irish always hope that some day those who have gone to England will return.

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In 1913, there were 103 Nationalist members in the House of Commons, most of them Catholic, out of a House of 567 members. When the Irish Free State was set up, they left a gap of Catholic representation that has never been filled. They over-represented the Catholic body; now we are under-represented. There are some twenty members in the House at present, of whom only six went to a Catholic secondary school. There are some 4,000,000 Catholics in England, Scotland and Wales (11 per cent of the population, according to the Newman Demographic Survey). The half-million Jews in England, Scotland and Wales are represented by fifty-five members of Parliament. As far as can be ascertained there are altogether 1700 Catholic Aldermen and Councillors spread over some 1500 local authority areas, including urban and rural districts. There appear to be only two judges of the High Court, while the number of County Court judges is very small. Justices of the Peace are far too rare among Catholics, yet this is a non-political activity that is offered to any suitable candidate. It is notorious that prison visitors are few among Catholics, compared with other citizens; the Borstal authorities will tell you that some 30 per cent of all inmates are Catholics, yet, although it is encouraged, Catholics do not visit. Scoutmasters, youth leaders, workers for discharged prisoners, lack their proportion of Catholics. Trades unions should by now have strong Catholic representation, yet we know that their attendance at union meetings is no better than that of their fellow trade unionists, though so much is at stake. Hospital boards, political selection committees, lack Catholic members.

Let us look at three areas where Catholics take a varying share in public life. Thus in the Merseyside district of Liverpool (Liverpool, Bootle, Birkenhead, Wallasey, Crosby), where there are some 400,000 Catholics out of a population of 2,000,000, there are 2 M.P.s, 57 Aldermen and Councillors (out of 357), and 39 Justices of the Peace. In Liverpool city, however, there are only

21 Councillors out of 160. In the Merseyside list of councillors, Labour has 90 per cent of the representation. In the diocese of Lancaster (120,000 Catholics), the heart of old Catholic England, there are 97 Councillors and 34 magistrates. More impressive is the record of Durham and Northumberland (Hexham and Newcastle) where the Catholics are the normal 10-11 per cent of the population, 246,000 Catholics out of 2,250,000. They contribute to the public service 1 M.P., 171 Aldermen and Councillors, and 27 magistrates. This civic activity is not matched south of the line Humber-Mersey, and it may be well to suggest some of the reasons.

The Irish question, as far as second and third generation of those settled in this country are concerned, has been settled. The northern sense of community has overtaken those who have become numerous enough not to feel a minority. Pioneers have given confidence to others, and, at the present time, it appears that Catholics realize that they must abandon their "ghetto" mentality. It still appears true that a purely English contribution to the community lags behind the strong example of these northern Catholics, who combine Irish charm and humour with a hard-headed assurance. They are no longer inhibited.

Political committees are indeed afraid that Catholics only offer to serve on the Councils because they want something. The idea has yet to be conveyed that we too are nationals, that we too want to serve our brethren. It is position and prestige that will enable us to put the Catholic need as it arises; we shall always be able to put the Catholic principle by which we can help to lead the city and the State to Christianity. In the past, complaints have been made that Catholics do not prepare for public life; they do not get known by their works to their fellow-citizens, and too often a parish priest has suggested that a man should try to get on the Council because the local authority is being difficult about his schools. Catholics are then pressed to vote for the candidate, and the matter is placed on their conscience, even though the new Councillor may have a view of politics different from their own. The pressure-group mind generates hostility. The Councillor should already be there on the Council; ready to state the Catholic case, already known for his integrity and his willingness to serve the public. He should be known to the generality of the electors, not be a man of crisis, an *ad hoc* member with no interest in the city.

Too many Catholics have as many separate lives as a cat. Family life, social life, parish life, civic life, business life. There is only one life, informed by supernatural grace, based on the universal precept of love of God and our neighbour. We need pure motives, clear heads, big hearts. Catholics have always been better at dying for England than at living for England.

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On the parliamentary level it is safe to say that Catholics feel some difficulty in offering their services. Some dislike the fact that you have to join a party, though there is always a conscience clause. Some think that Parliament is a sham; others are impressed by the disappointment of distinguished Catholics like Belloc. The fact remains that this country is governed, however defectively, from Westminster, and that a Catholic voice should be heard there on both sides of the House. If there were sixty Catholics in Parliament—and that is the number that our population suggests—there would be an influence that could not be neglected. The cynical attitude to Parliament is dangerous, as we see from the example of French Catholics, who after 1870 would not go into political life; they got the governments that they deserved, governments which were consistently hostile to the Church. The Italian Catholics, as a result of the *non expedit*, by which the Holy See made its protest against the new Italian State after the capture of Rome, were in the same negative position, so that the basic and original Piedmontese sin of anti-clericalism robbed generations of a Catholic education.

In Belgium, the reaction against the Left, which was almost entirely anti-Catholic rather than positively social, and which went by the name of the Liberal Party, brought about a Social Christian Party. This, in spite of its name, has never been a pressure group, but a social party that also has stood for the defence of Catholic principles for the general good. It is at present the biggest individual party in the country, with a very good record of social legislation. The Belgian Catholic has an international outlook. England has a bad name in international organizations, whether on a purely Catholic level, or in the matter of interest in problems that concern the general good. The insular viewpoint that is our worst characteristic in these problems has isolated us from the great movements that have as their

objective the benefit of mankind. In Belgium, as in France, there is scope for civic service that is non-political. Cultured activities receive support; there are specifically Christian trades unions that have an increasing influence in the working classes; employers have their own Christian organizations. Farming co-operative societies have done much for agriculture in Belgium, creating a vast social, financial, and economic movement, especially for the benefit of small farmers. Much of this work is not applicable to England, where specifically Catholic groupings are not possible, and perhaps undesirable, but it is clear that the negative attitude to the city and the State on the part of too many Catholics is lamentable.

There is something to be said for the American habit of saluting the flag every day in each school throughout the Republic. At least, at some moment of the day, the sense of belonging to the community at large is thereby stressed. It is possible to go to a school in England without a word being said about civic duties, the organization of the city and the country. Catholics still think in terms of 'them'—the governors—and 'us'.

Somehow the Catholic who might be serving the community has plenty of excuses. There is undoubtedly some hostility to the appearance of Catholics in public life. The recent clamour about the number of Catholics employed by the B.B.C., the protest that the Bishop of Leeds was interfering with trades union elections, are examples. Worse still is the fuss made when Catholic Mayors will not attend inter-denominational Armistice Day celebrations, drumhead services and so forth, even though they may be excellent servants of the public. Another excuse is that parish life is so intense that there is no time for a loyal Catholic to do anything for the general public. Cases are quoted that suggest that parish priests fear that a man who goes into public life is lost to the parish. Add to this that parish priests often complain that the Catholic Councillor is a bad parishioner, that he is afraid of appearing too Catholic. All these reasons have their validity, but they do not satisfy.

Since the Education Act of 1944, Secondary Education is free in all aided Grammar Schools. This has had the effect of doubling the number of Catholics who receive an education that leads to a university. At the present time, the headmasters who are represented on the Conference of Catholic Colleges have responsibility for 40,000 boys. Here is a potential that the Catholic

body has never had before, and the moment seems to have arrived when we should encourage a proportion of this new educated laity to take their places in public life. The Catholic boarding-school has not been seriously interested in the problem. Each Catholic Public School stands on its own, with little relation to similar schools, none to the day school. Boys who have had a privileged education do not seem to have been brought up with a sense of the community; they are divorced from parish life by years of absence, they tend to preserve a social snobbery, more pronounced than in any similar group elsewhere. They do not use their potential powers for leadership in the community: a glance through the Honours Lists finds a mere handful of Catholics qualified for recognition by the Sovereign.

Representative groups of Old Boys of all the Catholic secondary schools have met recently to discuss this question, in which the uninhibited northern Catholics made a very valuable contribution. There was unanimity in the finding that a start could be made if all Catholic Old Boys' Associations would federate as a Council to consider the position, and seek to apply some remedy by making educated Catholics aware of their responsibilities. The Council has in fact been founded; it includes nearly all our Old Boys' Associations. Support has been given by headmasters, and in October last it was approved by the Hierarchy of England and Wales. Great help was given at the inaugural meeting by Bishop Petit, who gave a balanced view of the Catholic in parish and community. The Council has appointed an Executive Committee, representing the various types of school. Area secretaries have been appointed in the whole territory of England and Wales, mostly on a diocesan basis. It is hoped to empanel speakers with experience in every part of the country, who will ask headmasters to be allowed to address sixth forms in schools. Advice will be given on the various forms of social and political service available to the citizen. Local Old Boys' Associations, mostly of day schools, will be the focal points where help may be obtained for information, support, nomination and even canvassing for those members of the Council who live in the area, whatever their school. It is hoped that this form of general co-operation will break down barriers between Catholics, help to revivify associations that only 'dine and wine', and give a general incentive to those who, though having all the gifts requisite for leadership, find themselves too isolated or too unaware that their

services are required and the opportunity available. The Council is in its infancy; it does not expect quick results, but it has great hopes that its influence, which extends to all our secondary and independent schools, will gradually tap the resources that have hitherto been unused.¹

If the Hierarchy of the nineteenth century did little to encourage Catholics to enter public life in the service of the community, and if the bishops seemed afraid of the effects of breaking from the prison of our history, it cannot be said that Catholics have not been encouraged in recent years. The Papal social encyclicals are a call to permeate modern society with Christian principles. On 5 October 1957, Pius XII, addressing delegates to the Second World Congress for the Lay Apostolate in St Peter's, Rome, said:

'If history shows that ever since the early days of the Church, laymen have had a part to play in the activity which the priest performs in the service of the Church, it is true today more than ever that they must give their help with even greater fervour "to build up the Body of Christ" in all forms of the apostolate, especially when it is necessary to penetrate the whole family, social, economic and political life with the Christian spirit.'

Commenting on these words, Bishop Ellis in his Advent Pastoral for 1957, writes:

There is a great lack of Catholic men and women who are willing to give up their leisure time and enter public life. Many more Catholics should seek for election in their own political parties. There should be many more Catholics in office in the trade unions, more Catholics on the committees of professional bodies. I appeal to individuals to take my words to heart. I appeal to societies to select members and to train them for public life.

¹ The Hon. Secretary of the Council of Catholic Old Boys' Associations Brian Murteugh, Esq., St Aubyns, Woburn Hill, Weybridge, Surrey.

THE MEDDLESOME POET

Boris Pasternak's Rise to Greatness

By VICTOR S. FRANK¹

Dr Zhivago, the first full-length novel by the greatest living Russian poet, Boris Pasternak, which has already appeared in an Italian and a Serbo-Croat translation, is due to be published in this country later this year by Messrs Collins. It will be reviewed in the Autumn issue of THE DUBLIN REVIEW. This preliminary study meanwhile poses and seeks to answer the questions, who is Pasternak, and what place has he come to occupy in contemporary Russia?

WHAT is a poet after? Reduced to simplest terms, his business is to give adequate verbal expression to that unique vision of the world and of man which God grants him. To do so he must learn how to bend the language to his needs. And as the vision of each true poet is unique, so is his language. Therefore, he is bound to be a revolutionary. He discards and he breaks new ground. He destroys and he builds. He runs the risk of attracting cranks. He certainly shocks and alienates conservatives.

Everything else is subsidiary to that main task. If a cause, however great or holy, is allowed to obscure or to distort his vision, if it is superimposed on it, the poet as poet has betrayed God's trust. He may become a better Christian, a better citizen, a better salesman. He is no longer the poet he was.

Apart from two short trips abroad (in 1923-4 and 1935), Boris Pasternak, now a man of sixty-eight, has spent the whole post-revolutionary era in the Soviet Union. And throughout the forty-odd years he has continued to go about his business, which is: to see and to write. He has stood up, like the man he is, to the incessant temptation to subordinate his genius to causes alien to it. For about ten years, between 1933 and 1943, he published nothing new at all, apart from his magnificent translations of

¹ The writer was formerly head of the Russian service of the B.B.C. He now works in Munich.

Shakespeare and Goethe. Earlier, in the middle 1920s, he made an attempt to make the theme of the revolution his own.¹ The attempt misfired—not because Pasternak was not sincere, but because his poetic charge was too potent. His poetry did not become more revolutionary. The revolution became more Pasternak-like.

Boris Pasternak is by no means an easy poet. He is not lyrically mellifluous like Sergey Yesenin. He cannot compare in mass appeal to that loud-mouthed, vulgar genius of revolutionary rhetorics, Vladimir Mayakovsky. His diction is often obscure, sometimes harsh, always mentally exhausting.

No, Pasternak is certainly not easy. And yet there is no other writer or poet in Russia today who would command such profound respect and love among the educated, particularly among the educated young. When, at one of his very rare public appearances, Pasternak consented to recite a few of his unpublished poems and forgot a line, he was prompted by a chorus from the floor (the poems were, and still are, circulating in MS. form in Russia). It is also said that Stalin, that Georgian backwoodsman, used to protect Pasternak against the more ardent Communist zealots, because he felt something like a superstitious awe towards Pasternak.

The respect, then, which he inspires in friend and foe alike is due to the immediate knowledge one gains after reading one single poem of his: here is a man who sees the world in a completely different way, and who knows how to make his reader partake of this vision. In short, here is a real poet. And, what is more, here is a poet who cannot, by his very nature, go in for any compromise with his poetic conscience.

That is a thing rare enough anywhere in the world. In Soviet society it is something akin to a miracle.

* * *

It all started more than a generation ago. In the summer of 1922 a slender paper-back was brought out by a Russian *émigré* publisher in Berlin. In those blessed years, the years of NEP in Russia, the iron curtain was far less hermetic than nowadays. Travel abroad was not impossible to those politically uncompromised, and there was some coming and going between Moscow

¹ In the two historical poems, *The Year 1905* and *Lieutenant Schmidt*, both 1927.

and Petrograd and the centres of the Russian *diaspora*, Berlin, Prague and Paris. Also, many Soviet authors were anxious to secure translation rights by having their works published first outside Russia.

The booklet bore the title *Sestra moyá zhizn'* (*Life, Sister Mine*).¹ Its author, Boris Pasternak, then a youngish man of thirty-two, was virtually unknown to the public at large.

There were many odd things about the booklet. Perhaps the oddest was that the poems were in fact already five years old. And what five years! Apocalyptic years of the sudden collapse of a century-old order, years of Civil War, famine, pestilence and bloodshed; years of a painful consolidation of an unfamiliar, crude and ugly new way of life. People both inside and outside Russia were just beginning to recover from the shock. The pages of literary magazines, prolific as never before, were filled with passionate 'committed' prose and poetry.

And there, in the midst of it all, a young unknown dared to face the public with a collection of lyrics which were as uncommitted politically as the first three chapters of Genesis. They ignored the horrors for the simple reason that they had been written before the horrors had set in.

Yet there was nothing escapist about the young poet either. As Marina Tsvetayeva (perhaps the only modern Russian poet to equal Pasternak as far as sheer verbal ingenuity is concerned) put it in her tribute to him: 'He belongs to the very first days of creation, to the first rivers, the first dawns, the first thunderstorms. He is Adam's age-mate. . . . Everything is open about him: his eyes, nostrils, ears, lips and hands, they all have been flung wide open'. 'A torrent of light', she called him.²

And Ilya Ehrenburg, still living abroad, but already vacillating between exile and return, trying to keep all his bridges in good repair, acclaimed Pasternak as the greatest poet of revolutionary Russia, as a sign of the new spirit on the move there.

As a matter of fact, Pasternak was not as new as all that. He was pretty well known in esoteric artistic circles in pre-revolutionary Moscow. His first book (under the silly title *Bliznets* v

¹ Later repeatedly republished in Russia.

² Poor Tsvetayeva (b. 1892) returned to Russia in 1939, driven there by acute home-sickness, the material misery of refugee existence and the hatred of Fascism. On arrival, her husband was arrested, her children put into an orphanage and she herself banished to a provincial town where she was made to scrub floors in a hostel. She hanged herself in 1941.

oblakakh (*The Twin in the Clouds*), characteristic of the adolescent mood of the futurist group to which he then belonged) appeared as early as 1914. A second, much riper production, *Poverkh barrierov* (*Above the Barriers*), came out in 1917. He had also read in MS. the poems which were to make up *Life, Sister Mine*, to a good many people in Russia, among them to Vladimir Mayakovsky, with whom he was on very friendly terms then, and from whom he parted in 1924 after Mayakovsky had completely subordinated his poetic gifts to propaganda.

However, it is true to say that it was only in 1922 that Pasternak was discovered by the critics and the readers. The word 'discovery' has a near geographic connotation in this case. For it was like a discovery of a new continent where the skies were deeper, the stars more radiant, the rains louder and the sun more savage than in the landscape where Russian poetry had been dwelling heretofore. Tsvetayeva, a poet herself, was right: Pasternak's world was as breath-taking as the one into which Adam and Eve must have stepped out after the fall. And the poet's language—its semantics, its inner grammar, its syntax, its hyperbolic metaphors—was on a par with his world. To use a homelier image, Pasternak's vision of the world was, and still is, that of a child who accepts the world around him without trying to comprehend and to rationalize it. And, as with a child, the most familiar objects hold the greatest mysteries to Pasternak. No other poet in Russian literature—and, perhaps, in the world at large—is capable of charging with the same magic the humdrum objects of our humdrum lives as he. Nothing is too small, too insignificant for his piercing eye, the eye of a child, the eye of the first man on a new planet: rain puddles, window-sills, mirror stands, aprons, doors of railway carriages, the little hairlets standing off a wet overcoat—all this flotsam and jetsam of daily life is transformed by him into a joy for ever.

His magic sense of sight is matched by his magic verbal sense. He is constantly on the lookout for clichés, the more hackneyed the better. Sometimes—particularly in his later poems—one suspects even a conscious trick: let me have an old, smooth, faceless penny—he appears to say—and see what can be done to it. And—lo and behold!—there, instead of an old piece of copper, is a glowing precious gem. What applied to the theme of the revolution, applies also to those trite, common vulgarisms and prosaisms which he uses so often: they do not in any way debase the

noble gold of his poetry. They themselves begin to shine with a glow coming from within, a glow that no one had ever suspected they had in them.

To a saint there are no unimportant human beings: every one of them, no matter how ugly and common, is a miracle, an image of God. To a poet of Pasternak's ilk, there are no unimportant words. Every one of them reflects God's reason and beauty. In this sense Pasternak has always been an *anima naturaliter Christiana*.

But in this sense only. All his early poetry is a poetry of a man obsessed with the sensual side of the world and with his own reaction to it. There are no other human beings in it. Even in his love poems (and the erotic element is very powerful in his lyrics), the beloved is merely an object of his longing, entangled in the world absorbing both the poet and her. The vision of the world is so overwhelming, the response of the soul so resonant, that there remains no room for other human beings. This is in no way to belittle the quality of his love poems such as the short cycle *Razluka* (*The Separation*) (written 1919, first published 1923). The range of emotions, of rhythms, the prodigious wealth of alliterations and of metaphors, make this cycle one of the most powerful love anthologies ever created. But even there the beloved woman does not exist in her own right. She is merely an object of longing, of desire, a cause of happiness and of grief, or even the equivalent of a musical theme, an instrument for the exercise of poetic craft.

A few facts about Pasternak's life. He was born on 26 January 1890, in Moscow, a son of the well-known artist Leonid Iosifovich Pasternak, who from fairly humble beginnings rose to become one of the acknowledged masters of academic painting in Russia. He was a gifted and many-sided artist—a painter in oils, in water-colours, in pencil, and an engraver. He illustrated many popular editions of Russian classics; his illustrations of Tolstoy's *The Resurrection* became particularly popular. So did his portrait of Tolstoy himself, and of the whole Yasnaya Polyana family. The Pasternaks were a cultured Jewish family, one of those innumerable Jewish families which invaded Russian civilization with such verve towards the end of the nineteenth century, and who created a cultural climate of their own.

It was a Gentile Russian historian, the late George Fedotov,

who once said, adapting Talleyrand's dictum: 'Those who have not breathed the civilized Judaeo-Russian atmosphere before the revolution do not know how sweet life can be.' And indeed, the marriage between Jewish intellectual passion and lucidity and Russian spiritual unconventionality and emotional range produced at its best a union of great potency and subtlety. Up to the middle of the 1860s most Jews had been confined to the Pale in the Western and South-Western outskirts of the Empire and thus cut off from the mainstream of Russian culture. Up to the second half of the century most of them hardly spoke Russian. The more astonishing has been the fast and natural social and biological inter-penetration of the Russian and Jewish liberal *intelligentsias*. In fact, the history of Russian civilization of the last sixty years is unthinkable without the Jews. The poets Mandelstamm, Khodasevich, Selvinsky, Bagritsky, Marshak, Inber, Kirsanov; the writers Ehrenburg and 'Ilf' (Findeisen); the philosophers Frank and Shestov; the stage and screen pioneers Meyerhold and Eisenstein; the artists Levitan and Chagall; the critics and literary historians Gershenson, Aichenwald, Eichenbaum, Shklovsky, Zhirmunsky and Tynyanov were all born Jews or half-Jews.¹ They grew out of a vast fertile substratum, the educated Jewry in the two capitals and in the provinces, notably in that marvel of a cosmopolitan city, Odessa.

It may well be that Boris Pasternak's peculiar freshness of, and delight in, the language has something to do with his Jewish background. Russian *was* new to him in the sense in which it could not be to an ethnical Russian. It is more than probable that Pasternak's grand-parents, for instance, either did not speak Russian at all or spoke only a debased form of it. And Pasternak himself, born though he was in Moscow, must have experienced the full impact of Russian as a gift from Heaven. One senses the same freshness of diction in another modern Russian poet of Jewish extraction—very different from Pasternak though he is—Eduard Bagritsky (1895-1934).

The Pasternak family belonged to the cream of Judaeo-Russian *intelligentsia*. The father (who, by the way, emigrated in 1922, and died in Oxford shortly after the war) was a personal friend of Tolstoy's and of many other celebrities of the artistic and literary world of the early twentieth century. One of his sitters

¹ In politics, science, law and music the proportion of prominent Jews was still higher.

was Rainer Maria Rilke, who visited Russia in 1900 and left a lasting impression on the ten-year-old boy. The mother was a gifted musician, and young Pasternak grew up in the expectation of becoming a musician himself, under Skryabin's personal tuition. But nothing came of it; in 1912, then a young man of twenty-two, he spent a summer in Marburg reading philosophy under Hermann Cohen. It was there, after an unsuccessful love-affair, that he discovered his real vocation. Since then he has been nothing but a poet.

In the introduction to his anthology *A Book of Russian Verse* (1943)¹ Mr C. M. (now Sir Maurice) Bowra has this to say of Pasternak's medium:

Russian is perhaps of all European languages the most gifted by nature for poetry. . . . It can have the monumental conciseness of Latin, the magnificence of English, the subtlety of French.

He qualifies his statement by saying:

The only language with which it may be compared is Greek, and to that it is inferior. For Greek has all the ease and fluency of Russian, all its adaptability and variety and expressiveness, but it is more muscular, more masculine.

Well, Pasternak has done much to bring Russian closer to Greek. He is certainly the most 'muscular' poet Russia has produced in modern times—muscular without ever being brawny. There is not a trace of either morbidity or æstheticism in the make-up of his poetry. Even his despair is as light and fleet and sinewy, as that of Achilles.

It is this man who, since the early 'twenties, has been the unchallenged master of poetry in Russia, first for the sophisticated few and lately for a far larger readership; who never bent and never broke under the enormous burden of political pressure and social isolation; who, for ten long years, chose to remain silent as a poet rather than betray his *daimon*; who now stands for civilized integrity in the swamp of barbarity, philistinism and pharisaism rampant in Soviet society.

But this very never-ending vigilance, this constant necessity of being on the defensive, of protecting the inner core of his being, added to the natural exuberance and *flair* of his genius, has been

¹ Sir Maurice Bowra's *Second Book of Russian Verse* (Macmillan, 1948) contains translations of seventeen poems by Pasternak, gallant attempts to re-create in another tongue the magic of his verse.

forcing Pasternak, over the years, into an attitude of proud, self-sufficient solitude—not only politically and socially, but also, as it were, metaphysically. And this pride proved to be the last and the hardest obstacle on the poet's road to greatness.

Several foreign visitors have lately reported Pasternak's references to an 'inner crisis' which had forced him to turn to a new form, the large canvas of an historical novel. What sort of a crisis was it? We can only guess. But from what one knows of Boris Pasternak's work over the last few years, it appears that the crisis was a religious one; that he has, at long last, succeeded in breaking out of the besieged fortress of self-centred isolation, and that this *sortie* has added another dimension to his art—the inner awareness of other human beings.

We have some evidence of the religious character of this change in the form of a collection of new poems which have been circulating in Russia in MS. and which form part of the novel *Dr Zhivago*. This body of verse contains a number of tender love lyrics, but also several poems with the Gospel story as their subject matter: our Lord's birth, the miracles He wrought, Mary Magdalen, the prayer in the Garden of Olives, the Passion. And not only the subject matter is new: there is also a new air about them, a great peace, a great simplicity. The masterly touch is there, but the old *bravado* has given place to an abnegation of the poet's own personality. Other human beings exist in their own right, and are drawn with a deep and tender love: Mary Magdalen, for instance, the shepherds in the Christmas story, and our Lord Himself.

A conversion is always a miraculous event. But in every miracle, there is always a natural carrier: a person, a bereavement, a narrow escape from death. It would be presumptuous to ascribe Pasternak's conversion—for that is what the change amounts to—to any particular event of which, in the nature of things, we can know nothing.

But the change over from purely personal lyricism to an epic medium, from the concentration on oneself to an intimate communion with others, may have been partly due to the many years of hard work which Pasternak spent in translating Shakespeare's plays and both parts of Goethe's *Faust*.¹ Now one cannot live

¹ Shakespeare's plays translated by Pasternak are *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *King Henry IV* (I and II). He also translated Petőfi from the Hungarian and brought out an anthology of Georgian poets.

in daily contact with Shakespeare over a period of several years, without being affected by his attitude to human affairs, without recognizing the inherent limitations of lyrical poetry pure and simple. It is in any case an attractive thought that the conversion of a great Russian poet to a Christian attitude may have been due to Shakespeare's influence. . . .

* * *

As far as the rulers of Russia are concerned, Pasternak has been a thorn in the flesh—not because he is on the other side of the political barrier (he is not); but because, by virtue of being a poet and nothing else, he has been demonstrating throughout the forty-one years since the revolution that his place is *Above the Barriers* (to use the title of his second book). He embarrasses them. He baffles them since they cannot fit him into any familiar category. He is also a living reminder to them and to the young of the incomparably superior standards which used to prevail in the Silver Age of Russian poetry. The official critics do their best to put up a show of condescension on the rare occasions they mention him.¹ The *politicos* themselves are silent. The level on which they move is so much lower that they cannot communicate with him at all.

The novel *Dr Zhivago* was completed in 1955, in the short-lived period of a cultural thaw after Stalin's death. It was duly submitted by the author to the State Publishing House, and then the tragi-comedy began. The MS. was shifted from one office to another. No one had the courage to recommend the publication of the book. No one had the courage to recommend its rejection either. Finally, the Union of Soviet Writers formed a special committee of writers who, hiding behind each other's backs, passed the verdict that the book was not worth publishing, since its author was wasting his 'not inconsiderable talent' on causes alien to the interests of the 'people'.

Meanwhile, Pasternak (whose behaviour in this episode has been shockingly normal) got tired of the delays and sold the translation rights to a number of European publishers, among them the

¹ The latest effort in this field has been a remark by Konstantin Simonov in Paris: 'Pasternak? Oh, yes, quite a good poet, but as a prose-writer four or five heads below his own poetical level' (*Le Monde*, 16 January 1958).

left-wing Signor Feltrinelli. When word of the forthcoming publication in Italian had reached official Moscow, all sorts of strings began to be pulled in an endeavour to prevent the book from coming out. The Secretary-General of the Union of Soviet Writers, Mr Alexey Surkov, called personally on Feltrinelli in Milan, asking him to return the MS. Signor Feltrinelli, a good Communist, but, it would seem, a still better business-man, refused to give in.

And so the ridiculous state of affairs came about: the book of a great author is coming out only in translations into other languages.

Pasternak himself, in a conversation with foreign correspondents on 17 December 1957, summed it up in a dry fashion: 'All this fuss,' he said, 'would have been avoided if only the [Soviet] editors had been wise enough and published the book.'

'Wise enough?' Where and when have political time-servers been wise enough to handle a real poet?

GEORGES ROUAULT

An Evaluation

By NICOLETE GRAY

GEORGES ROUAULT has just died, at the age of eighty-six. It is usual and no doubt salutary when a notable person dies for us to try to assess his importance and sum up the legacy of his life's work as it seems to the succeeding generation. In this case it is a question of real moment to ourselves. For great claims have been made for Rouault. He has been called the greatest, if not the sole, religious painter of this century. It has been said that the image of the crucifixion has been freed by him from the academicism to which for two centuries it has been condemned. And again it has been claimed that 'he has taken us

back through the centuries to that moment on earth when every image was a reflected image of God"—that is, back to the middle ages. If these things are true, and there is certainly *prima facie* a case for all of them, Rouault is a key figure in the whole vexed problem of religious art. Are they true?

Two things are certain, things which in themselves go a long way towards substantiating the first claim at least. Rouault was genuine and sincere in feeling, and in his painting he was 'contemporary'. He was a contemporary of Matisse at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and he exhibited with the Fauves in 1905 when they shocked Paris by the violence and newness of their painting. He was *avant garde* in his generation, and he worked all his life in the revolutionary terms of his youth. Of his own sincerity he has himself borne witness in a phrase that strikes one as a touching understatement: 'I believe I have kept my spiritual liberty.'

Certainly what one gathers of his life bears out the overwhelming impression of his pictures. He was the son of a Parisian mother and a Breton father, a cabinet maker, and though his grandfather collected Daumier prints and was an admirer of Courbet and Manet, it was a poor family and Rouault was apprenticed as a boy to the craft of stained-glass making, and had to get his first lessons in drawing at evening classes. His aunts were painters on porcelain. He started as a workman and a craftsman, and one feels that all his life he kept his simplicity and his vocation as a worker with his hands. The great influences of his life were, in his youth, first, Gustave Moreau, the strange and exotic painter who was his teacher at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, to which Rouault attained in 1891; who lectured against the realism of Courbet and the Impressionists, to whom art was the 'furious tracking down of the inner feelings by means of plastic expression', a getting behind the tangible to the spiritual. He died in 1898. Then there was Huysmans, with whom Rouault used to talk at the Abbey of Ligugé, which was exiled to Belgium in 1904. And finally Léon Bloy; he read *La Femme Pauvre* and *Désespéré* and they fascinated and inspired him. In 1904 he met their author and they remained friends until Bloy's death in 1907. But Bloy did not like or understand Rouault's paintings, and said so with brutal frankness: 'You are exclusively interested in the ugly; you have a vertigo of hideousness.'

As an artist Rouault remained alone. He found his vision

during those years, and in the long life which followed he deepened it but did not extend or change it. He would retouch and repaint pictures long after their first conception, and claimed the right to do so even after they were sold. The chief incident of his later life is the sad one of his lawsuit with the heirs of his dealer, Vollard, with whom he had made an exclusive contract, which he came to regret bitterly and which certainly added to his isolation. Of the hundreds of paintings which he recovered through that legal action he burnt over three hundred. It is a life which seems summed up in the title of his prints, '*Le dur métier de vivre.*'

He has left a very considerable *oeuvre*, now scattered all over the world; it consists not of particular masterpieces but of paintings of more or less the same subjects over and over again; religious subjects—the Crucifixion, St Veronica, our Lord before Pilate, various scenes of the Passion; haunted landscapes; savage paintings of judges; and then the prostitutes and the clowns. His contribution to the *mystique* of the tragic clown is considerable. There are also his books and prints, to the making of which the years 1918 to 1928 were almost exclusively devoted; in particular the great series of black-and-white prints called '*Miserere*'. These were made from plates which in the first instance were photogravure reproductions of a painting or gouache by Rouault. He then worked on this plate and transformed it; creating prints of very great technical subtlety and richness. The interesting thing is that these prints are uncoloured. Here the means of expression is by differentiation of textures, and contrasts between these and great passages of black.

It is so often said that Rouault's painting derives from the stained-glass technique of heavy leading and pure colour, that it is important to remember these great prints, which have as much power and intensity as any of his paintings, but do not use these means. Yet the means they use do not seem very different in nature from his painting and one begins to wonder whether this stained-glass dictum is true? Although he was trained to it, Rouault returned to this medium only once, when at the age of seventy-four he was asked to undertake five windows at Assy. It is true that he was early fascinated by mediaeval glass and spoke of his 'real life being back in the age of the cathedrals', but is it not a condemnation of his integrity to suggest that he introduced as the keynote of his painting the limitation of another technique, which has no necessity, and therefore no real meaning, in an oil

picture? What meaning then is there in his great black contour, '*cet mot lapidaire*' which for him '*résume toute la peinture et va bien au delà*'? One notes first of all that it has no representational consistency. Sometimes it outlines forms and defines spatial extensions; sometimes it seems to have a simple colouristic meaning, representing hair for instance; sometimes it summarizes the movement of form away from the picture surface and represents something like modelling; sometimes it just separates two other colours. It has in fact a life of its own. Rouault was not imitating mediaeval technique but using the new freedom of the Post-Impressionists, the freedom to see and to use paint and colour and form in its own right, as itself, not through an artificial relationship with the appearances of the external world. Rouault seized this freedom, but, unlike most of his contemporaries, he did not want to go on with the exploration of paint and form and colour, he wanted to use them to capture and communicate what he cared about, the human spirit. The black contour has its own sombre, passionate life which symbolizes, with those other colours, which are blended much less crudely than one is apt to remember, the emotion personified by the subject, whose conventional appearance is summarized in an elementary formula.

One is completely convinced that the result is the true expression of the 'inner necessity'—that phrase which for so many modern artists express the motive force of their work—of a real artist. And yet for myself I find something lacking. I do not feel Rouault a great artist, or that his work has created a new tradition in religious art.

It so happened that after looking at Rouault's *Miserere* I went to a lecture on English Romanesque painting. Both used a formula to suggest recognizable outward appearances in which they were not interested; the mediaeval master had a far more subtle formal and linear design, in contrast to Rouault's subtlety of colour and brush stroke, but the real difference lay in the factual basis of the mediaeval work. Here the artist was concerned with what happened, in time and its meaning in eternity, with the personality of God and man. Rouault's pictures are concerned only with emotions and his people are generalizations. They are true in their way, man laid bare in his fear, or his greed, or his malice, or his pain, houses and trees where man has suffered '*au pays de la soif et de la peur*', but the individual reality has escaped him. His landscapes lack the great basis and repose of those of

Cézanne, or of Matthew Smith too; his people, who speak to us so passionately, yet lack the core, the individual soul, which, through the labyrinth of the scientific and philosophical dissolution of the reality of appearances, the contemporary cubists succeeded in capturing. These were problems which Rouault had been able to by-pass because for him 'subjective artists are one-eyed, but objective artists are blind'. Therein lies his limitation as an artist, and in particular as a religious artist.

I have never seen a Rouault picture in a church. It would be extremely interesting. Perhaps one would feel that like a Byzantine image it mirrored the presence of the holy, through Rouault's own passionate sense of that presence. Perhaps that is the sort of religious painting which is most possible for us. One sees that it could grow out of Rouault's subjective expressionist art in one direction. But so far I do not see that it has done so. On the contrary the subjective side has been developed so that the crucifixion has become a type for the expression of the artist's own *Angst*. That claim for Rouault one can indeed admit. The image of the crucifixion has been liberated from academicism. It is usable now, almost too easily used. Rouault was the first to push open the door, to achieve the painting of religious subjects up to a certain point in terms which in themselves are absolutely true for the transformed twentieth-century world. Since him many paintings of religious subjects have been painted, in some form or other of the modern idiom. But the modern movement has been liberating, not formative. It is almost impossible to believe that any artist, however great, could have started a positive tradition in 1910 in this the most exacting of all fields in art. It is useless for us to decide the sort of art that we want; our art reflects what we are. The real artist can only follow his 'inner necessity' and try to communicate his vision in the terms which his time dictates. If, like Léon Bloy, we are horrified, is it not because it shows us what we and our world is really like?

NICHOLAS OF ST ALBANS

A Twelfth-Century Theologian of the Immaculate Conception

By ALPHONSUS BONNAR, O.F.M.

AS, WITH the rest of the Catholic world, we turn our thoughts to the sanctuary of our Lady at Lourdes in this its centenary year, we may also with some pardonable pride give a thought to the pioneer champions of Mary's Immaculate Conception who from our own land made their stand so many hundreds of years ago against almost the whole of the Western Church. It seems that the feast was celebrated first without any precise realization of the reasons for it. Our Lord was honoured for the greatness of His Mother. It was when the feast was challenged that its champions worked out its theological justification. It is a glory of this country, the Dowry of Mary, that, quite apart from the feast of the Conception, the first explicit defenders of our Lady's great privilege of complete sinlessness appeared here and upheld that teaching till eventually they were able, through Scotus at the beginning of the fourteenth century (before 1308), to persuade the Continental theologians to accept it. It was a battle of 200 years. In the first of these two centuries, the twelfth, we have some notable writings in defence of the Immaculate Conception from some English Benedictine monks and it is the work of one of these, Nicholas of St Albans, that I wish briefly to consider in this article.

We had long known from Pits and others that Nicholas, monk of St Albans, had written a treatise in two books *de conceptione Beatae Mariae Virginis* and that there was a MS. copy of it in the Bodleian. Only in 1954 was it given to us by C. H. Talbot in the *Revue Bénédictine* of Maredsous (t. LXIV, 1-2, pp. 83-117).

Dedicated (says Pits) to Abbot Hugh of St Remi, Rheims, the treatise must have been written 1151-1162, when Hugh was abbot, but probably after the death of St Bernard in 1153. His letters (*librum unum*, says Pits) to the same Hugh may have pre-

ceded or followed the treatise. It is usually thought that the treatise was directed entirely against St Bernard. But Nicholas writes against a number of *viros sapientes*: he singles out St Bernard for detailed criticism because the latter had put his objections to the feast of the Conception in writing, thus making them easier to analyse and examine. St Bernard's letter to the canons of Lyons deprecating the introduction of the feast of our Lady's Conception is variously placed by scholars in 1128-1130 (Vacandard), 1136 (Baronius), 1138 (Le Bachelet) or 1140 (Mabillon). As Nicholas did not write his treatise till after 1151 and most probably after 1153, it was certainly not penned on a sudden impulse to refute St Bernard.

Nicholas does not refer to St Bernard by name, but he is clearly speaking of him and he certainly appears to be quoting what we know as the letter to the canons of Lyons. Yet it is remarkable that, quoting St Bernard without a doubt, he should say '*quibusdam nostrum*' whereas St Bernard's words (to the canons of Lyons) are '*quibusdam vestrum*' as we should expect. This suggests and, I think, justifies the very tentative query: Did St Bernard write a letter to his monastic brethren in the same terms as his letter to the Lyons chapter, using, of course, the term *nostrum* instead of *vestrum*? If he did, it would explain more easily why Potho, a monk of Prum near Ratisbon, using *exactly the same epithets* (of praise and then of blame) as St Bernard used to the church of Lyons, but writing '*quibusdam monasteriis*' instead of the *vestrum* of the Lyons letter, reproached the monks for introducing the feast of the Conception. Potho's complaint was written, so he tells us, in 1152.

It has been quite a thrill to find that Nicholas draws very considerably on the writings of Hugh of St Victor in fashioning his argument. Hugh was only a slightly senior contemporary for, although he died in 1141, he was then, it would appear, only in his middle forties. Nicholas was thus well in the stream of contemporary theological learning for Hugh of St Victor seems to have had more influence on Peter Lombard (who died in 1160) than any other ecclesiastical writer except St Augustine and the *Sententiae* of the Lombard in their turn have had more influence on western theologians during the past 800 years than any other single work. We do not know how Nicholas became acquainted with the works of Hugh of St Victor. Hugh's writings were very widely circulated even in his lifetime but it may be that Nicholas at some time attended Hugh's lectures.

I find that Nicholas draws on the *Summa Sententiarum*, the *Sermo de Assumptione B. Mariae* and the *de Sacramentis Christianae Fidei*. The second of these writings is in tome II of the 1588 (Venice) edition of Hugh's works, the first and third in tome III. The *indiculum* drawn up in his own monastery shortly after his death is a good guide to the authenticity of Hugh's works though not eliminating all disputes. The last two of the writings mentioned are certainly authentic. The *Summa Sententiarum* is disputed, but perhaps Nicholas's use of it will be a further argument in favour of its authenticity.

Nicholas works the passages from Hugh into his own text without giving any indication that it is not his own original writing. That was the accepted practice then and for centuries afterwards. Hugh himself makes no secret of the fact that he himself acted in this way.

Let us turn to the quotations. (All references are *Revue Bénédictine*, l.c.). On p. 102, lines 22-42, Nicholas simply transcribes nearly half of ch. III of the seventh treatise of the *Summa Sententiarum*. Later (p. 104, lines 31-7) he uses the next eight lines of the chapter but does not transcribe them literally. Then further on (p. 106, lines 44-6) he quotes word for word (one variant) and the rest of the same paragraph (to line 11 of p. 107) is a paraphrase and slight amplification of the rest of Hugh's chapter.

The second work on which Nicholas levies toll is the sermon on the Assumption. Nicholas's quotation begins p. 112, line 37, and goes on to p. 113, line 4. It is Hugh's paraphrastic commentary on the Canticle of Canticles, IV, 7. While Nicholas obviously uses Hugh's text, he adapts it to his own use by amplification, inserting the explicit doctrine of the Immaculate Conception—'*macula non est in te, nec originis traducta nec voluntatis super ducta*'. There are other passages in Hugh's works with a similar text but I think there are indications in the phrasing that Nicholas was here using the sermon on the Assumption.

The third work concerned is the *de Sacramentis Fidei* in bk. I, part VII, ch. 31. In Nicholas's treatise p. 114 only lines 18-21 (in eo . . . actum culpae) are copied *ad litteram* but in the whole passage (lines 15-21) he is clearly following Hugh closely and basing his reasoning about the mode of transmission of original sin on Hugh as his master and guide. I do not suggest that Hugh of St Victor taught the Immaculate Conception but Nicholas has many theological points to investigate in connexion with his main theme and

his reliance on Hugh shows that he is not simply wise in his own conceit. If he is breaking new theological ground, it is by logical deduction from principles already admitted.¹

It will be obvious to anyone who reads it carefully that Nicholas's treatise is the work of a professional theologian. The argument is developed in an orderly manner, objections are met, a clever *dato sed non concesso* in the reasoned defence of the celebration of the feast of the Conception is skilfully worked out. What interests us now, of course, is not so much the defence of the celebration of the feast as the emergence of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as we understand it today. Nicholas propounds that doctrine quite clearly. The involved, cumbersome and imperfect explanation of the transmission of original sin that then prevailed among theologians made his theological task a very difficult one. It is not possible to explain here how Nicholas treats the topic in this invaluable treatise of somewhat over 10,000 words. I will merely note that he carries it out in a satisfying and conclusive manner.

The *incipit* given by Pits is not the same as that of the Bodleian MS. but this is no doubt due to the dedication to Hugh of St Remi, which apparently was prefaced to the copy of which Pits had knowledge. The Bodleian MS. is of the twelfth (Nicholas's own) century and it comes from Reading abbey which would have an excellent tradition, giving a *cachet* of authenticity.

As to the rest of Nicholas's writing, although only one letter is now extant, it can be shown from that letter and from the letters of Peter of Celle that Nicholas engaged in controversy with Peter twice by an interchange of letters. The first occasion was probably immediately on Peter's succeeding Hugh as abbot of St Remi, though Talbot thinks it may have been earlier, and the second epistolary controversy was in the closing years of Peter's life, the last letter being written when he was bishop-elect of Chartres, a position he only held for two years. Peter died in February 1183.

All Nicholas's letters to Peter of Celle appear to have dealt with the same subject as his treatise and the same probably applies to his correspondence with Hugh of St Remi, already referred to.

¹ It might be suggested that Nicholas is not quoting from Hugh but that they are both borrowing from a common source. This seems unlikely in view of the number and diversity of the quotations.

A LETTER FROM ROME

WITH premature Spring weather succeeding a mild winter, Rome is without the shabbiness this year that two months of constant rain and cold can produce in a city made for the sun. January is usually a mortal month for the large population of old folk that are here, victims of the harsh *tramontana* and the ill-heated houses. This year, however, in spite of the 'Asiatica', there seem to have been far fewer funerals.

The city is teeming with a large foreign population who have made Rome at least their temporary home. It would be a mistake to think that the Roman is representative of the best in Italy. His manners are rough and his outward bearing unattractive. But one can sympathize with him to some extent for having to tolerate such a mass of 'guests' in the capital, not merely the foreigners but also the provincials, natives of the other big cities of Italy and a great wedge of the clerical citizens of the world. Indeed, anti-clericalism, especially dear to the Roman populace, is already appearing on the bill-boards with the approach of the elections. One mentions it, as anti-clericalism is a strong element in the philosophy and culture of the average Roman. However, the Italian in the Roman pushes through in most cases, especially when the tourists come: there are many who have cause to admire the courtesy and patience that he shows to the short-term visitor. It is hard to convince the latter that the Romans are a special race, and only generically Italian. Even a *trattoria* like 'Il Buco', near the old Roman College, where Florentine steaks of massive proportions and Tuscan game delight the palate, is regarded as 'foreign' because its proprietors are from the province of Tuscany.

Here is the clue to understanding why what Romans are talking about is not necessarily what the Italians in general discuss. In fact the culture of modern Rome is hard to analyse. There is very little theatre. The music available is a disgrace, by far the best music being reserved to the Radio (R.A.I.) which has close relations with Milan, Turin, Florence and Naples. The opera this season has been badly planned, for the company is not mediocre. But it opened to a false start with the brass-band music of *Norma* and the dramatic action of *La Callas*—or, as the discourteous Romans call her, with a malicious eye cocked towards Milan, *La Greca*. Church music, where it exists at all, is usually of the poorest, and one is inclined to send enquiring visitors to the monastery of St Anselm on the Aventine, where the Benedictines

keep up an excellent tradition. However, one recent discovery has helped: that the boys of the Sistine sing on Sundays as part of the choir of St Mary Major's, and are magnificently directed by Mgr Bartolucci, no mean composer himself. The Romans, as much as visitors, are disappointed at the rare appearance of the Holy Father in St Peter's (except it be for a mass audience) and the virtual disappearance of that great Roman function, the Easter Sunday Mass.

But when it comes to what people are talking about, there is no limit to the universalism of the Roman, be he native or 'city-guest'. The Church is always a theme that never fails. The Romans, clerical and lay, have shown themselves her best governors in the last two centuries of her history. The outward form is complicated and over-bureaucratic, but it is handled with great suppleness and humanity—a state of things no Anglo-Saxon or American could hope to achieve. It is arrant nonsense to think that Rome will not listen and try to understand the national problems of others. No city has made a better home for the current stream of international conferences that are held here for many months during the year. The participation of the Pope in these conferences—for he seldom fails to receive the delegates in audience—has done more to establish publicly the universality of Catholic doctrine than a library of explanatory literature. Not that the Roman citizen, in theory at least, will approve of this 'meddling'. The old Liberal tradition is firmly rooted in his mentality, and he is slow to admit the relevance of Catholic principles to secular initiative and learning.

In this context it is interesting to examine the philosophical trends of circles close to the (State) University. Calogero, an independent mind, keeps near to Gentile-Hegelian Idealism. Ugo Spirito is the clever exponent of what is called *Problematività*, the formulation of problems, not of answers. Professor Antoni is perhaps unique in being a convinced follower of Croce. On the other hand, there are many philosophers who have returned to the Catholic tradition. Their way of return, none the less, was not through the 'orthodox' channels of Thomism but via Augustine and Rosmini. In this group figure well-known names such as Sciacca and Stefanini. To the question how far these different trends represent the philosophy of the normally intelligent man, one would say that Idealism has a fatal attraction for the Italian. He does not really believe that a course of events can be swayed by thoughts or speeches or governmental reports, being fully convinced that self-interest is the sole motive of politics and international *démarches*. The world of flesh and blood, so real to him in his personal commitments, disappears into a welcoming cloud of seductive ideas and vast mental horizons whenever he readily turns to discussion and debate. His universalism has no limit. The idea delights and entralls him: the shadow of Charlemagne falls caressingly across his

vigorous advocacy of the fraternity of nations and real charity between men. At the same time his acute economic sense urges him not to over-look the value to Italy and his own home which would follow from the free flow of goods and labour. A strange mixture of theoretical altruism and practical self-interest.

The ability of the average Italian to discuss, almost arrogantly, the most intricate problems of morality or statecraft should not blind the observer into imagining that Italian thought is directly centred on the contemporary scene. It is far too universal and undefined. The valuable contribution of Italy is in the sphere of personal relations. Paradoxically, the Italian is a good subject for world-citizenship. I say 'paradoxically', for he is perhaps the world's greatest individualist, except for the Spaniard. His scepticism regarding the real motives of the men who govern and employ him is at once his strength and his weakness. Almost in parenthesis one would add that it is a scandal that the film advertisements, notable for their sensuality and childishness, should be permitted to play on this weakness and undermine his moral fibre.

Most discussion anywhere eventually becomes theological, and Rome is, of course, no exception. The city, in its ecclesiastical universities and colleges, bears witness to a great theological tradition which is handed on, alive and vital, to succeeding generations of students. No other city in the world, however brilliant its university, could hope to hold a candle to the depth and solidity of Roman theological learning. Other centres do the grinding research to support re-assessments, and individual flair, though not at a discount, is not nearly so prominent here as elsewhere. But the wisdom of centuries can be palpably felt when it comes to a sorting out of lines of possible development—which ones to leave fallow for the moment, which to encourage and sweep forward. Theologians here are still discussing, and will discuss for a long time to come, the strength of the initiative the present Holy Father has given to the Lay Apostolate. He has indeed prepared the ground for many years, and the October Congress saw some of its first fruits. The idea that the laity, in virtue of their status, share in the general mission of the Church to evangelize and, to quote the word used by the Pope in his address, to 'consecrate' the world, generates a whole new outlook on the responsibilities of a layman when commissioned by the hierarchy to share in the pastoral apostolate. The Pope has cleared away for ever the muddle-headed search for 'the Catholic point of view on this or that' in favour of 'the *right* point of view', 'the *right* way of doing this or that'. In virtue of this principle he urges the laity to enter human initiatives and enterprises whenever they are not directly contrary to God. He bids them introduce spiritual values such as human dignity, compassion, justice, generosity, into the harshness of modern commitments. He has nothing but praise for

international undertakings such as the Food and Agricultural Organization (with its base here in Rome) which, whatever be the individual motives of its members, is fulfilling the specific command of Christ to feed the hungry. It is easy to criticize the somewhat flamboyant utterance associated with Padre Lombardi's Movement for a *Mondo Migliore*, but the spirit here is much akin to the temper of many of the Papal directives for the conscription of the laity into the work of the Church. The laity must find much to hearten them in the present Pontiff's words, especially in his statement that the 'world' is their own peculiar domain, where they wander as of right, and when, duly commissioned by hierarchic authority, they carry Christ and His Law into these territories that 'know Him not', they are exercising a certain personal responsibility.

At the same time it has been made completely clear that sacerdotal power is reserved exclusively to the episcopate and the priesthood, and wayward speculations on 'the priesthood of the laity' have been effectively stifled. Simultaneously, especially by reason of the reserved support given to a careful ecumenism, discussion is still plentiful on Anglican orders. More precision has been given in recent theological writing to the principles which guided the condemnation of Leo XIII, but this specialized theology does not reach the man in the street, who is still somewhat mystified by the Church's intransigence. In fact, it is becoming more and more evident that the real theological problem confronting the idea of union or reunion arises from sharply divided understanding of the nature of the Church of Christ. Infallibility, Anglican orders and so forth are only the overtones of this central theme, a theme which has already had a great influence on present Christian apologetic.

No one can sit long round a table in this city without such problems being aired, along with the chitter-chatter of gossip and rumour associated with a possible consistory and the influence of American Catholicism on the general policy of the Church. However slowly things appear to move, in reality there is no stagnation. The Church remains a living miracle of co-ordination, whatever the fallibility of those who guide her at what are called the lower levels. As so often happens, the *magisterium* is several steps ahead of the general run of her members. It is this living teaching authority that is sensed by the thousands that will soon be thronging the city, an annual invasion that the Romans, for all their faults, will take in good part. The slow, careful driving of the Englishman will be patiently endured at the same time as a murderous no-quarter attitude will be directed against anyone unfortunate enough to carry a Rome number-plate. One day perhaps the whole city will come to a standstill with all its available road-space occupied by cars, buses, vespas, tricycles, coaches and heavy lorries. But I would be willing to wager that the Roman traffic

police, albeit with unnecessary dramatics, would get it going again. The strong impression remains with one that Rome cannot stop. In any field there is an urgency that brooks no delay. Things grow fast and decay equally fast. There is no time left for the quiet life.

A. C. C.

It should perhaps be mentioned that our correspondent wrote before the case against the Bishop of Prato was brought to court in Florence.

'THE POTTING SHED'

Figmentum Fidei

GRAHAM GREENE'S latest play, *The Potting Shed*, commands the attention of the queen of the sacred sciences. It is a considerable merit in the author not to describe any human figure without a divine tangent. There are strange tangents in *The Potting Shed*.¹ To deal with the main one will mean abdicating judgement of the play's other merits, which again are considerable. Theology anyway has no safe seat in the stalls. Even in the study she is better in her own stylized pose. Let the argument appear, therefore, as if proposed for discussion at a deanery conference. It could read as follows:

'*Traditur*—The story goes that Titius, a "model" priest, distracted by grief at finding his nephew Sempronius dead, offers God his faith in exchange for the boy's life. S. lives; T.'s faith dies. He says Mass and administers the sacraments without faith, and with a sense of servitude which is relieved only by drunkenness. T. and S. meet after years. Faith revives in T. and begins in S.'

QQ.1: discuss the concept of divine faith shown in this 'narration'.

2. Is there any analogy between the servitude of the priest and the Dark Night of the soul?

3. Is God 'conditioned' by prayer or sacrifice?

In any deanery there would be at least one man who would take this line: 'Clearly S. never died. T. is an obvious neurotic: he suffered a black-out but never lost his faith really. The whole story is a tissue of morbid subjective impressions. As such it cannot provide material for theological criticism. A shame, really, that both S. and T. did not take medical advice.'

That is the easy way out of the wood. If one may turn back to *The*

¹ *The Potting Shed* is published in book form by Heinemann at 8s. 6d.

Potting Shed for a moment, the author has certainly left that way open for himself. He knows as well as any priest that there is a long lag between apparent and real death. Not even the expert witness of Potter, the life-saver, can eliminate it. Even the priest had come to think that his nephew could not have died (though that is presented as one of the symptoms of his loss of faith). Can an author justly reserve this kind of escape? It would make him singularly detached—almost cynical—towards his characters. He would be a very callous puppet-master. Is Mr Graham Greene that? I doubt it. The easy way out is not the right way, if we are to treat this play seriously.

Not to shirk the issue, therefore, let us have the kind of written *solutio ad casum* the painstaking priest would turn in.

'Q.1. The concept of divine faith shown in this play will not square with what the magisterium of the Church has to tell us, especially in the Vatican Council. This narration would seem to rest divine faith upon an entirely subjective experience of the mind—as though it were the fruit of so much human consideration of certain propositions. If it were, one could well understand its coming and going as the mind veered from one object to another. There are two factors, however, outside the mind, which anchor the assent of the mind to Catholic Belief. The assent is not based on purely internal feeling but has objective criteria which can be summed up in the word *Church*. The assent is also freely commanded by a faculty outside the mind: and that faculty is stiffened in its command by divine grace. God is so far 'the strength of the believer' (to quote Augustine, Trent and the whole of Catholic tradition) that He does not abandon the will of the believer unless He be first abandoned. The effective command of the assent to the revealed truth cannot be lost without the will itself being gravely at fault. God in this is Father until sonship has been deliberately repudiated.

'We are told in the narration that T. is a "model" priest. Was there something so heinous in his distracted appeal for S.'s life that robbed him of filial status with God? Did he so "tempt" God that he forced on God the suspension of the grace which gives Faith its *supernatural* firmness? The very word "distracted" answers the question. In such a state responsibility for evil diminishes. God could not fairly punish with the withdrawal of the grace without which it is impossible to please Him. Besides one is allowed to infer that the appeal is made from charity. Misguided, if you like; but no more criminal than St Paul's hyperbole in Romans ix.

'Q.2. In the (impossible) hypothesis that such a priest lost his faith yet continued to act as a priest and took refuge in drink, there would not be the remotest analogy between his case and the Dark Night. Whatever darkness may cloud the saint's mind, the will remains absolutely firm. The consolation of believing may be gone; the command of

the mind's assent is without interruption. The break-up of will in T.'s case is not even a pitiful caricature of the trial of the saints. It bears no relation to it at all.

'Q.3. Sacrifice is not a "deal" with God, nor is prayer. Neither can impose conditions on God which He Himself has not freely assumed in our regard. He has obliged Himself in love to give us eternal life and whatever conduces thereto if we co-operate with His grace. In every prayer and sacrifice we seek essentially that or we seek nothing. Divine Providence cannot be so constrained by an intensity of human emotion as to cut the lifeline of an innocent soul.'

Mrs Callifer, therefore, according to this solution, would be right in calling the God of *The Potting Shed* a cruel God. He does not exist. The 'narration', for all its reliance on Catholic terminology and a Catholic character, is not Catholic.

Which forces one to reflect anxiously on the responsibilities of a Catholic author. Undoubtedly the view current of our faith, even among friends, is that it 'happens' in the mind as, say, a flair for logic or a conviction about the futility of travel. Faith has no such sublunar genesis or permanence. The mind makes the act of faith all right—and to that extent Mr Graham Greene is right here and in his analysis of his conversion in *Journey Without Maps*; but the will has the principal role, and, even when the believer is not in the state of grace, it is still God's supernatural gift which holds the will firm in command. He does not let go the will unless the will wilfully, sinfully, breaks free.

To construct a plot in which a single incident can make frauds of a sceptic and a priest may be artistically alluring; it is fortunately theologically false.

T. H.

'THE CARMELITES'

The Truth More Splendid

IT IS generally known that Francis Poulenc's opera *The Carmelites*, which had its London première at Covent Garden in January, rests upon the history of the nuns from the Carmel of Compiègne who died under the guillotine in Paris on 17 July 1794, eleven days before Robespierre died in the same way, and who were beatified by St Pius X.

Commissaries entered the convent and made an inventory of its possessions on 4 August 1790, and the nuns were interrogated on the following day. They were expelled, after two years of day-to-day foreboding, on 14 September 1792, a week after the September Massacres and a month after the storming of the Tuileries. In the later summer of that year they had dedicated themselves in a solemn act of oblation to accept martyrdom; but they lived dispersed in houses in Compiègne for nearly two years longer, until, on 22 June 1794, they were all arrested. After a little more than three weeks in prison—where an English Benedictine community was held at the same time, the nuns from Cambrai who are now at Stanbrook Abbey, near Worcester—the Carmelites were taken to Paris and executed: they mounted the scaffold singing the *Salve Regina*, and then the *Veni Creator*, as one by one they died. 'Four days afterwards,' Poulenc remarks, 'guillotining was stopped throughout France.'

Such is the bare outline of the history which moved Gertrud von Le Fort to write *Die Letzte am Schaffott*, an imaginative work which takes the form of a letter written to a friend in exile by a supposed observer of these events in Paris. The French Dominican Père Brückberger, with Philippe Agostini, prepared from this the scenario for a film which to this day has not been made. Georges Bernanos was then asked to write a script for this film; it was the last task he undertook, the writing in the ten exercise-books into which he finally transcribed his *Dialogues des Carmélites* deteriorating as his death approached. It was barely finished when, in mid-March, 1948, he took to his bed for the last time. He was in Tunisia, where he had been working on the *Dialogues* for eight or ten hours a day since January. So much intensive work, re-writing and revising, meant that there is more of Bernanos than of Gertrud von Le Fort in the *Dialogues*, and therefore in the opera.¹ He did not even have a copy of *Die Letzte am Schaffott* with him in Tunisia.

Two richly creative minds stand between the opera and history. Neither Gertrud von Le Fort nor Bernanos had any thought of writing history. Yet both were writing as believers,² and both have had attributed to them an intention of hagiography which was not in the mind of either. The impression has been strengthened by the production of

¹ An English translation of *Die Letzte am Schaffott* is published by Sheed and Ward under the title *The Song at the Scaffold* (1953). The *Dialogues des Carmélites* were edited by Albert Beguin and published in Paris by Éditions du Seuil. The English translation of the adaptation for the opera is made by Joseph Machis and published in New York by G. Ricordi.

² As indeed Poulenc has composed his music. 'The Carmelites is my most important work,' he said in an interview published in *The Times* on 26 February, 'because it is the work into which I've put the most of myself, of my real nature—my religious nature.' He added: 'I am not a Catholic in the Claudelian sense; Claudel speaks of God as of Buddha; I am a Catholic in the manner of Bernanos.' It was Poulenc himself who abridged and adapted the *Dialogues* of Bernanos to make them into the libretto for an opera.

the opera, with a regard for accuracy of detail in the Carmelite habit and in the production generally that seems to suggest an historical accuracy that is not present. It is of course the privilege of dramatists to use historical names and episodes as a framework round which to build their dramas, but in *The Carmelites*, full though it is of insight into the religious life, the exercise of that privilege has done less than justice to the memory of the martyrs of Compiègne, and it is perhaps useful to devote a few pages here to establishing the principal contrasts between the story of the opera and the facts of history.

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any event. 'There are legitimate methods for avoiding martyrdom,' sings Marie de l'Incarnation, 'and we swear in advance that we never will use them.' She herself was, as a matter of history, almost certainly of royal blood, the child of an illicit union, with a pension from the court. 'Let us not forget,' says the narrator in Gertrud von Le Fort's book, 'that Marie de l'Incarnation's dedication took place on the eve of the storming of the Tuileries—that for this woman of royal blood the salvation of religious France had always been bound up with the security of the crown.' And the part played in that book by *le petit Roi de Gloire*—a part obscured in the opera, and rendered absurd in the Covent Garden production by the use of a singularly ill-chosen crib-figure—lends colour to the suggestion: it becomes the Dauphin to the nuns. Bernanos dispels any such impression for those with ears sharp enough to listen: the second act of the opera closes, as the nuns are expelled from the convent, when Blanche, terrorized by the sight of the mob, drops the figure, which breaks to pieces: 'The Little King is dead!' she sings, in an ecstasy of fear; but then, as the curtain falls, 'And we have nothing left . . . but the Lamb of God.' It is a pity that these lines were so far lost that the critic of one leading London newspaper at least saw nothing more in the Little King than an incongruous gimmick.

Ever since its foundation in 1641 the Carmel of Compiègne had had royal associations. Louis XIV himself was taken there by his mother when he was a child, and took his own grandsons there, as children, to introduce them to the nuns and to ask for their prayers. But the nuns themselves were not ladies of aristocratic birth. The opera opens in the library of the grand house of the Marquis de la Force, which we later see ransacked, but it was not principally from such households that the community of Compiègne came. Their baptismal certificates, examined by the tribunal which considered their cause for beatification, show their fathers' occupations: *maître boursier*, *maître cordonnier*, *maître tourneur*, *receveur des entrées*, *employé de l'Observatoire*, and so on. One is *Seigneur Ecuyer*, one even *Conseiller du Roi*; but they were as varied in their social origins as most religious communities would prove on analysis to be; in the main simple as well as holy women, who died quite simply for their faith. So for example the *Relation*¹ to which we shall refer later writes of Soeur Marie-Henriette de la Providence Pelras, who was thirty-four when she went to the guillotine:

Quand elle parut devant le tribunal, elle se distingua sans en avoir la prétention par un trait de fermeté vraiment héroïque . . . ayant entendu l'Accusateur Public les traiter de fanatiques,

¹ This and later passages from the *Relation* of Marie de l'Incarnation the writer owes to a Benedictine of Stanbrook, who transcribed for him very extensive extracts and without whose help these notes could not have been assembled. The judgements they contain are, however, his own responsibility alone.

'Voudriez-vous, Citoyen, lui dit-elle, nous dire ce que vous entendez par ce mot 'fanatique'.' 'J'entends, dit Fouquier-Tinville, votre attachement à des croyances puériles, vos sottes pratiques de religion'. Ma Soeur Henriette, après l'avoir remercié, se tournant du côté de la Mère Prieure, dit, 'Ma chère Mère et mes Soeurs, vous venez d'entendre l'Accusateur nous déclarer que c'est pour notre attachement à notre sainte religion; toutes nous désirions cet aveu, nous l'avons obtenu; grâces immortelles en soit rendues à Celui qui le premier nous a frayé la route du Calvaire. Oh! Quel bonheur! Quel bonheur de mourir pour son Dieu!'

One may say, indeed, that the greatest regret is that Bernanos did not make use of the most splendid *Dialogues* of all of these Carmelites of Compiègne, which were those in which they engaged with their interrogators, of which the full record survives. It is not to diminish the high qualities of the opera or of the written works which lie behind it to say that the fact is so much more tremendous, and, indeed, so much more dramatic, than the fiction.

The central character in the opera, the Last on the Scaffold, Blanche de la Force, Soeur Blanche de l'Agonie du Christ, is, as we have already said, wholly fictitious. The nun who so to say plays opposite her, Soeur Constance de Saint-Denis, is historical and from her life Bernanos, or, more probably, Père Brückberger, has borrowed an incident not related by Gertrud von Le Fort, to transfer it to Blanche. Soeur Constance entered the Carmel of Compiègne on 29 May 1788, and was then prevented from taking her simple vows by the laws of 1789. Her brother came to the convent to take her home, but she refused to go with him; nor would she go when the Commissaries came in the following year. All this becomes an important part of the story of Blanche de la Force in the second act of the opera. In history Soeur Constance, the youngest of the nuns, was the first to die, whereas in the opera she cannot be first because she has to wait to be recognized by Blanche in the mob below. In the opera the Prioress dies first; in history she begged to be, and was allowed, to die last, that she might sustain the courage of her sisters to the end. In the opera it is Soeur Constance who declares that she has voted against the oath, and we are left to suppose that she does so to conceal the truth that it was Blanche. But in fact it was not the youngest but the oldest of the nuns who at first did not accept the oath: Soeur Charlotte de la Resurrection and Soeur de Jésus-Crucifié, both nearly eighty years of age. The Prioress assured them that they were under no obligation, and this again is something that might surely have been introduced into the *Dialogues*. We have the record:

Mes bonnes Soeurs, dit la Mère, je ne prétends pas vous faire une obligation de réciter cet acte; et croyez que je me serais bien

gardée de vous en parler si j'avais pu prévoir l'effet que sa lecture dut produire en vous, mon intention n'étant pas de vous faire de la peine. . . .

Compare, in Gertrud von Le Fort's book, the anguish of Soeur Marie de l'Incarnation when the Abbé Kiener, as her spiritual director, forbade her to go to the scaffold to join her sisters there.

The two aged nuns went in tears to the Prioress later in the day on which the oath was taken, ashamed: they were the seniors in the house, they said; they had had the happiness of growing old in the religious life, they could in any case not be much longer in this world, and they ought to have been the first to show their love. They asked to be allowed to join the rest of the community in the ultimate sacrifice, and they did so. Soeur Charlotte, the elder of the two, was unable to descend from the tumbril when they reached Paris; she was infirm as well as old, and she had her hands tied firmly behind her back. One of the guards lifted her and flung her to the pavement: as they raised her to her feet she said:

'Croyez que je ne vous en veux pas, que je vous ai, au contraire, bien de reconnaissance de ce que vous ne m'avez tuée, parceque si je fusse morte par vos mains j'aurais été ravie au bonheur et la gloire du martyre.'

Again, what could be more splendid than the truth?

The Carmelite of whom it might even be said that her memory is betrayed is Madame Marie-Francoise de Croissy, who in fact died with the rest but who is represented, as we have already mentioned, as dying in great dread of death five years earlier. 'She exhibited such horror and apprehension that the whole convent was amazed,' writes Gertrud von Le Fort, in whose book this is not given great significance: but the opera gives a major place to an agonizing death-bed scene, the last scene of the first act, with the terror of the dying Prioress becoming greater as death approaches. She finds herself 'alone and hopeless, without the slightest consolation'; for her 'God has become a shadow': 'Who am I, wretched as I am at this moment, to concern myself with Him! Let Him first concern Himself with me.' If such a death is necessary to the structure of the drama, then it might suitably have been the death of another imagined figure, and not of one who in fact sang on the scaffold with her sisters.

Madame de Croissy was the Prioress of the Carmel at Compiègne from 1779 to 1785, in which year she was succeeded by Madame Lidoine. 'Alas!' she sings on her death-bed in the opera, 'I have been a nun for thirty years, and Mother Superior for twelve. I have been thinking of death each day of my life, and now it does not help me at

all. . . ' She could not have been a Mother Superior for twelve years: no Carmelite Prioress can be re-elected for a third, let alone a fourth consecutive three-year term. When Madame de Croissy had completed a second term as Prioress at Compiègne she was succeeded by Madame Lidoine, who then made her Novice Mistress.

Marie de l'Incarnation was not Novice Mistress; she was not Assistant to the Prioress, nor even Sub-Prioress; she was a choir-nun whose style was Soeur, not Mère, and who could not have been responsible, as she is in the opera, in the absence of the Prioress, still less the proposer of an oath to commit the whole community. She was one of the younger nuns, still only thirty-three on the day of the martyrdom which she did not share. Only three of the martyred nuns were in their thirties, and only one, Soeur Constance, was under thirty; she was twenty-eight. Two were seventy-nine—the two of whom we have spoken above; seven were in their fifties; and three were in their forties. Blanche de la Force is presented as a girl who has just passed her nineteenth birthday when the opera opens, for, according to Gertrud von Le Fort's story, she was born prematurely when the mob turned in panic against the coach in which her mother was riding at the wedding of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette in May 1770. But there were no nuns nearly so young. Marie de l'Incarnation—beautifully sung in the opera by Sylvia Fisher—appears there as a woman of perhaps fifty, one of the senior figures, imposing her will in imperious fashion, making on a number of the critics the impression of being a fanatic. But she was in fact nothing of the kind. (She receives better justice from Gertrud von Le Fort than from Bernanos). Nor is there any historical evidence of disagreement, let alone dispute, within the community, such as the opera shows between her and Madame Lidoine.

Marie de l'Incarnation was the only member of the community who did not go to the guillotine, so that it is doubtless dramatically more effective to suggest that the proposal for the oath of martyrdom came from her. But in fact it came from the Prioress herself, Madame Lidoine. Nor was it made impetuously; we read in the *Relation*:

. . . Dieu me garde cependant, ajouta-t-elle, que cet ardent désir que j'ai de mourir pour son amour, me fasse commettre la plus légère imprudence qui puisse être une occasion de peine pour mes Soeurs.

. . . Ayant fait sa méditation sur ce sujet, il lui était, venu à la pensée de faire un acte de consécration par lequel le Communauté s'offrirait en holocauste pour apaiser la colère de Dieu, et que cette divine paix que son cher Fils était venu apporter au monde fut rendue à l'Eglise et à l'Etat.

It was an 'Acte de consécration à la mort que Notre Mère, pendant son oraison, s'était sentie inspirée de faire, et qu'elle nous proposa

d'accomplir avec elle, deux ans avant l'arrêt de sa mort.' It was an act of holocaust, of oblation: it was not a sort of swearing-in as the opera suggests, with the nuns trooping behind the altar to whisper Yea or Nay in a secret ballot, their confessor acting as a teller and announcing the result afterwards. It was a private and interior act of individual prayer. Their confessor had nothing to do with it.

Marie de l'Incarnation survived not through any desire to evade death but because she was absent from Compiègne when the Sisters, then dispersed through private houses, were arrested. Dame Ann Teresa Partington, the historian of the English Benedictine nuns from Cambrai, writes of her:

One of this holy community happened to be absent when the rest were taken to Paris. She concealed herself in different places till the death of the tyrant Robespierre, which happened on the 28 July 1794. When this monster was removed she returned to her friends in Compiègne and frequently visited us in prison. . . .

Thereafter there is no record of how she lived until 1823, when, more than sixty years old, she went to live in the Carmel of Sens, where she died in 1836. There in her last years she wrote the *Relation* of the events that had taken place so many years before. There are four copies of this, belonging now to the Carmel of Sens and to the Carmel of Compiègne, which was restored in the nineteenth century and continues the Carmelite life to this day, although in new buildings. One of the four copies was made at the request of the future Cardinal Villécourt, at that time a titular Bishop and the Vicar-General of Sens. He published it in 1836, the year of the death of Marie de l'Incarnation; and what he wrote of her shows how far she was from being the Mère Marie of the opera:

Comme nous avons eu les rapports les plus intimes avec elle pendant quatre ans, nous pouvons attester la solidité de son jugement, qui ne donnait rien à la pure imagination, et qui, d'ailleurs, n'avait aucune pente à une vaine crédulité. Le ténacité de sa mémoire, qui n'oubliait rien et où tout se classait avec ordre; la pénétration de son esprit à qui les moindres circonstances intéressantes n'échappaient jamais; sa véracité, qui ne lui aurait paru douteux; l'attention scrupuleuse qu'elle a de ne pas plus dissimuler les défauts que les bonnes qualités des personnes dont elle parle, sont autant de motifs qui devraient nous faire accueillir son récit avec une pleine confiance, quand nous n'aurions pas, d'ailleurs, une garantie de sa sincérité dans la foi qui l'animait et dans sa qualité de religieuse.

M. D.

NEWMAN THE MAN

An Approach to Père Bouyer's Study

I

NEWMAN'S fame is at present in a curious condition. We do not read him, of course; it is not worth while for a publisher to keep his works in print. But his name adorns a number of estimable societies and associations, and, if only in virtue of his final elevation to the cardinalate, the Catholic public invests him with a kind of formal apotheosis. We even speak complacently of the two great convert cardinals of the nineteenth century, Newman and Manning, delicately omitting to notice that, if ever two eminent ecclesiastics were fundamentally opposed—and the case is not as rare in church history as we might wish—Newman and Manning are certainly outstanding examples of such opposition.

We forget, besides, that this formal apotheosis is possible only because Newman happened to live to an unusual age. If he had died when he was a mere stripling of, say, seventy-five, he would have been simply Dr Newman, and we should be faced, more realistically perhaps, with the question how one who spent half his life as the *enfant terrible* of the Church of England managed to spend the other half as, apparently, the *enfant terrible* of the Catholic Church. In the later portraits the red robes tend to distract attention from the man, and in any case some of the hard lines of the face have been obliterated by age.

It is not difficult, of course, to see why Newman was the *enfant terrible* of the Church of England. The man who insisted on treating with the respect due to successors of the Apostles bishops who were far more conscious of being members of the House of Lords, while at the same time resolutely declining to follow the lines which these fathers in God considered desirable and finding ever subtler reasons for proving the Church of England to be something totally different from what 99 per cent of its contemporary members supposed it to be, was not likely to be a general favourite. Yet, when he had at last taken the plunge and gone over to Rome, it might have been assumed that he would henceforward feel at home. What was it about Newman which made his new spiritual home so draughty and inclement a place, even though it was one which he had no thought of leaving?

We might want to blame the contemporary Catholics. Pius IX,
Vol. 232. No. 475.

although a good and lovable old man, was not the greatest of the Popes, and the intellectual atmosphere of Rome in his day may not have been highly stimulating. The English Catholics had only recently emerged from the long period of persecution and exclusion from the national life, and they may have appeared somewhat barbarous in comparison with Oriel common room. Yet Wiseman was a genuine scholar and Newman's own bishop, Ullathorne, always a good friend to him, had qualities which compensated for a rather rugged exterior. A clergy which included men like Lingard and Rock was not wholly deficient in intellectual accomplishment. It would be unfair altogether to blame the Catholics of the time if Newman was not completely happy among them. Was there something queer about Newman himself in spite of all his gifts? Surely there must have been.

It is not easy to be fair to Newman's opponents, especially when they are personified in Manning. For Newman, even when all his eccentricities are recognized, remains a fundamentally attractive character, while Manning, even when we remember his genuine zeal and achievement, is not immediately attractive. Really it was Manning who was the simple soul. Even when he was indulging in what we are apt to call subtle intrigue, his manoeuvres must have been apparent to a child; that is why we are able to condemn them so easily. Newman could tie him into intellectual knots in five minutes. Ought we not to spare a little sympathy for the simplicity of Manning, painfully aware at bottom of his own inferiority and quite incapable of guessing what Newman would be up to next?

At any rate it is desirable to approach Newman with a fresh mind. He was certainly not a conventionally edifying character penning works of conventional edification. He was much more interesting than that. When we think of him as a candidate for the posthumous honours of canonization, as Père Bouyer evidently does,¹ his oddities demand full attention. So let us continue with our queries.

II

Although Newman's works fill an imposing number of volumes, they all seem, with the possible exception of the *Grammar of Assent*, to come under the head of occasional writing, books written to meet a particular need at a particular moment. Newman was plainly not a systematic philosopher or theologian. This comment might be dismissed as mere scholastic *snobisme*, but it is not intended as a condemnation; it simply records a fact. Seeing things steadily and whole was not in Newman's line; he needed some powerful stimulus to write, and then he could go hard at it for as long as was necessary. Otherwise he

¹ Louis Bouyer: *Newman: His Life and Spirituality* (Burns and Oates. 30s.).

might spend months and years sorting out his notes and letters and writing nothing in particular.

Professional philosophers have accused poor Newman of all sorts of horrid things such as nominalism, empiricism, pragmatism and what you will. Newman would not have had the faintest idea of what they were talking about. The truth is that, when he was impelled to write on a philosophical subject, he used whatever terms came to mind without worrying about their origin and their precise implications for the trained philosopher. We can discover by studying Newman that he had read Locke, but to attribute a precise Lockian significance to his occasional Lockian terminology would be in one way to pay him too great a compliment and in another to risk traducing him. It would be paying him too great a compliment to suppose that he had made a dispassionate analytic reflexion on Locke's system, and it would be traducing him to suppose that he had embraced it. In fact, however scrupulous his intellectual conscience may have been in other ways, he was quite unscrupulous in such matters. When he had to write on this or that, he used whatever words were available to him and hoped for the best that they would be understood. A more systematic method might and, in my opinion, would indeed have been helpful, but it was just not in the character of the man.

It is easy enough to find unconvincing examples of philosophizing in Newman. When, in the *Grammar of Assent*, he seeks to assemble the probable arguments which, taken together, are intended to justify our belief in God, their inadequacy to the kind of conviction which Newman wants us to have is only too obvious. No wonder, perhaps, for Newman himself, as he tells us in a famous sentence of the *Apologia*, had from quite early years rested in 'the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator'. It is difficult for anyone to stand back and find probable reasons for what seems self-evident; it was quite impossible for Newman to do so convincingly.

Indeed there is something ultimately unsatisfying about the whole argument of the *Grammar of Assent*, but this defect is primarily theological. The *Grammar* tells us clearly how we come to accept such statements as that Great Britain is an island, for there is such a concurrence of probable evidence that it would be impertinent to ask for more. This we must admit, but we want to go on to say that such a conviction remains in the realm of opinion and does not become knowledge. It is correct opinion, as Plato would say, but no concurrence of probabilities as such amounts to a logical entailment. We have moral or practical certainty that Great Britain is an island, and we are content with this because the point is not sufficiently interesting to make us ask for more. If the question were one on which absolute certainty was required, we would not be so content; we should spend our holidays

seeing whether we could really circumnavigate this alleged island and so find an immediate ground in experience for its insular character.

But Newman did not write the *Grammar of Assent* in order to prevent us from raising doubts about the insularity of Great Britain; he wrote it with a view to displaying the logical force of religious belief. Can we in the matter of religion be content with the same sort of conviction as we have that William the Conqueror landed in 1066 and that Great Britain is an island? Doubtless it is true that, apart from faith, the grounds of Christian belief are of the same kind. No theologian asks for more than moral certainty about these in the purely rational order. But the whole point is that faith transcends the purely rational order without being irrational. It is not a blind impulse to yield an absolute assent to a merely probable conclusion; the less we have of such blind impulses the better. They are the source of all that is worst in human thinking. But faith so illumines the evidence as to present it as the means by which a divine person communicates himself to us. The question is transformed into one of a personal response to a personal appeal.

In other words, the logic of faith goes beyond the ancient distinction of knowledge and opinion, which was devised to apply primarily to universal propositions and convictions based exclusively on universal principles. In the contemporary jargon faith belongs to the region of personal encounter. Its logic is the logic of consenting to meet the God who deigns to meet us. If we go back to the celebrated sentence in the *Apologia* about the joint self-evidence of the self and the Creator, no one would seem more qualified than Newman to explain this to us. Yet it is absent from the systematic construction of the *Grammar*, and we are forced to arrive at the astonishing judgement that Newman's logic of faith fails because it omits faith itself.

If the *Grammar of Assent* seems thus to miss the point in the end, we have nevertheless to salute Newman for his balanced expression of Christian humanism in the lectures on university education and, still more, for his one unquestionable contribution to theological thought, the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, which he wrote in the course of solving the problem of his own ecclesiastical allegiance. This was a subject which needed to be treated and had not been adequately treated before. For no existing Christian body is manifestly identifiable at first sight with the primitive church, and, even if we admit with Lady Bracknell that there are obvious reasons why the primitive church should not have lasted down to the present day, we need some criterion of continuity with it which will be a criterion of legitimate development. Some Catholic theologians have conveyed an impression that they were not altogether happy at being unable to suggest that St Peter arrived in Rome complete with a College of Cardinals and a suitable number of monsignori and proceeded at once to anathematize any-

one who cast doubts on the Immaculate Conception. Non-Catholic theologians, on the other hand, have often drawn some arbitrary line in church history, such as the date of the fifth general council, before which development was to be regarded as legitimate and after which it suddenly became an abominable corruption. The *Essay on Development* did much to rescue us from these unlikely points of view and to lay down the proper scope of evolution in the life and thought of the Christian Church.

But, of course, Newman will always be associated above all with the *Apologia*. This is right, for, although the setting of early nineteenth-century Oxford has become so strangely antiquated, Newman is still fully alive in it. And Newman in the end makes a greater impact on us as a person than as a thinker, or rather, since his personality and his thinking are not to be dissociated, he was an intensely personal thinker who has to come alive himself if his thinking is to come alive too. We watch his progress up to 1845 with a mixture of exasperation, amusement, sympathy and veneration. No one but John Henry Newman could have followed so slow and tortuous a path to so clearly inevitable an ending. The fact is that he needed to assure himself not only that things were true but also that he believed in them, and so he doubled his work. However we may judge the general philosophical import of the distinction which he draws in the *Grammar* between inference and assent, it was certainly an operative distinction for him. Moreover this is a by no means uncommon turn of mind today, and that is one reason why Newman is instructive.

III

When we try to sum up Newman's personality, we have to begin with that massive integrity which was so characteristically, although not exclusively, Victorian. The great Victorians seem to have regarded any reserve or economy in the expression of their exact mind as being practically equivalent to a lie. As a result they were noble but tactless. Lord Acton was another eminent case in point, and Mr Christopher Sykes has described in *Two Studies in Virtue*, an impressive non-eminent case, the life of the Reverend Richard Waldo Sibthorp, who spent his career in passing to and fro between the Church of England and the Catholic Church and ended, after a Requiem Mass in Nottingham Cathedral in the presence of the Catholic Bishop, by being buried in the Anglican churchyard at Canwick in the presence of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln. It was Sibthorp in one phase who, feeling an overwhelming call to imitate the solitary life of the Fathers of the Desert, purchased for this purpose an estate in the Isle of Wight in which he employed six gardeners and, presumably, an indoor staff in

proportion. As Mr Sykes remarks, 'such was his innate truthfulness of mind that for the sake of his voices he ran a risk which is almost as painful as that of martyrdom, namely the risk of being funny'.

These great and less great Victorians could make their own the couplet of Clough:

*It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so.*

But, of course, if you take this uncompromising line, you must be prepared to perish. You need not expect to be popular, and you must cultivate a certain toughness. Poor Newman was at the opposite extreme from this necessary toughness. He was a sensitive, and indeed a hypersensitive, soul, and he suffered constantly from the twin temptations of the hypersensitive, irritability and despondency. His family, as Mr Sean O'Faolain has described in *Newman's Way*, had been a worry to him from the beginning. After the failure of the bank his father had gradually declined in the world until he ended by keeping what seems to have been little more than a public house. In those days, of course, innkeeping was not an agreeable diversion for the prematurely retired; it was a solecism which could not be welcome to a son who was a fellow of Oriel. As he grew up, he had to cope with the two dreadful brothers who insulted his opinions while continuing throughout their lives to borrow money from him. Nothing is more pathetic than the account of the visit that John Henry made to Tenby when over eighty in order to see his ne'er-do-well brother Charles whom he was helping to support and of Charles's refusal to meet him. With a family like that it is no wonder that, when at high table he was endeavouring to divide sweetbreads with a spoon and the formidable Dr Hawkins called out, 'Manciple, bring a blunt knife,' he felt that he had let himself down for ever.

If Newman began life with these relatively trivial causes for being sensitive, he went on having to face conflicts on a grander scale, and it is not surprising that he felt every slight so deeply. It was all the more unfortunate in a way that, when he was goaded into hitting back, his command of the English language made him capable of doing so with such effect. When he described the most prominent supporters of the definition of papal infallibility as 'an aggressive and insolent faction', it was all very well for him to explain that he believed in the doctrine himself but was opposed to those who wished to enlarge its application beyond the bounds of theological exactness; Pius IX could hardly be expected to be grateful. Nor could Talbot forget that his well-meant invitation to preach in Rome had been rejected with the remark that 'even the people of Birmingham have souls', and Manning could scarcely acknowledge any justice in the statement that Newman, when

in correspondence with him, did not know whether he was on his head or on his heels. These phrases are all too clear and all too pungent. We must, in fairness to those who disliked Newman, admit that at times he could be difficult.

IV

Yet, in the end, Newman's sincerity is so complete and his insistence on intellectual honesty so fearless and uncompromising that our exasperation and amusement fade and our sympathy and veneration remain. That Newman's whole life was a struggle with a difficult temperament is obvious, but what he actually was and did shows that the struggle was not unavailing. The most penetrating study of his personality and inner life that has so far been made is the book of Père Bouyer which has just appeared in an English translation. Père Bouyer recognizes and deals with our possible misgivings in a paragraph which needs to be quoted at length:

No one can be held responsible for his own constitution; still less so for the slings and arrows that may assail him in life, and their inevitable psychological effects on his own particular nervous system. Sanctity is not a matter of having no nerves at all, or of avoiding anything calculated to jar them. But when the trial does come, sanctity will be revealed in the judgement a man passes on his instinctive reactions, and in the fullness of spirit with which he masters them. Under these two heads, we do not see what more could be demanded of Newman. The pain brought upon him by this necessary struggle against a temperament, and in circumstances peculiarly unfavourable, far from lowering him in our esteem, does but give us the measure of his worth (p. 275).

All that is most valuable in Père Bouyer's book may be regarded as a commentary on this passage. Newman's ideas are not treated extensively apart from himself, and the events of his outer life are considered mainly in their relation to his inner life. Wilfrid Ward's biography remains the indispensable account of Newman's factual history. What Père Bouyer gives us is a convincing and, indeed, a touching insight into Newman the man at the various stages of his life and thought.

Hence the emphasis is on the earlier years of development when Newman's mind grew to be such as to recognize where he belonged, more than on the years when he had found where he belonged and was facing disillusionments of detail with that remarkably unhesitating certainty in general which is equally characteristic of him. It is not yet, of course, possible to be fair to nineteenth-century Catholicism and to strike a complete balance between Newman and those who opposed

him. Père Bouyer is notably unfair to Wiseman, the most unbusiness-like of men but a combination of real learning and boyish enthusiasm whose charm still communicates itself. And, in view of what has happened in the twentieth century, the Syllabus of Pius IX no longer seems the expression of mere diehard Toryism which it seemed to censorious progressives like Acton; we now see plenty of reason why the Church should have taken a detached view of what was supposed to be progress. The trouble with nineteenth-century Catholicism was not that only a few were right-thinking and far-seeing; it was rather that no single person or group combined the necessary insights, so that what should have been complementary appeared to be opposed. No one, probably, was nearer to an all-round view than Leo XIII, who made the final amends to Newman himself.

Père Bouyer's book remains one which must be read for a proper understanding and appreciation of Newman the man. It leaves us in no doubt that, when we have given full play to our difficulties and even to our sense of humour, we must end with veneration. If what Newman was and did in spite of his temperament is ever judged worthy of canonization, he will certainly be the patron of intellectual integrity. Might we not add that he could also be invoked as the patron of the odd man out? For surely the odd man out deserves an appropriate patron saint.

D. J. B. HAWKINS

THE PRIEST

A wine-dark rose,
Rich of the hue that travels through the breast
In blue nobility,
Dazzles and glows;
And on its gold and brilliant heart,
An amber bee
Folds the dark lucence of his irised wings,
Settles to rest,
Slumbers the night through, clings
To sweetness till day tells him to depart.

Most courteous Christ,
Blossom of loving, quintessential wine
Worked from eternity,
This is your priest
In whom you are well-pleased.
He is the dusky bee
Who, on your honeyed heart of goldenness
Pastures until the Will that he has prized
Sends him abroad on embassy divine
To feed men with his sweet indebtedness.

KATHARINE GARVIN

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DEFINITION OF INFALLIBILITY

The Vatican Revolution. By Geddes MacGregor. (Macmillan. 21s.)

RECENT years have seen the appearance in England of a number of works by non-Catholic scholars dealing with the history and doctrine of the Papacy. The latest in the series is the work of a minister of the Church of Scotland, a graduate of the universities of Edinburgh and Oxford and of the Sorbonne, and now Rufus Jones Professor of Philosophy and Religion at Bryn Mawr in the United States. The title of Professor MacGregor's work, which he describes as 'a study in the public proceedings of the (Vatican) Council', is taken from a remark of Mgr Maret, dean of the faculty of theology at the Sorbonne and one of the fathers present at the Council. Maret, in a work published shortly before the Council met, described the proposed definition of papal infallibility as 'the most radical of revolutions', and one which would change the constitution of the Church. It is this alleged revolution in the Catholic Church which Professor MacGregor sets out to study. His precise object is, he says, 'to determine the constitutional legality of what happened at the Vatican Council'; his motive in writing is the belief that, should it be possible to prove that the proceedings at Rome in the years 1869-70 were in fact illegal and unconstitutional and the decrees of the Council not irreformable, a major obstacle to reunion would be removed. There would then, he believes, 'certainly open up considerable possibilities for the future welfare of Christendom': 'the prospect of a richer, purer, reunited Christendom would be much brighter'. Professor MacGregor's declared purpose is thus professedly eirenic: he expressly states that he is writing neither for nor against any sectarian interest. What follows is presented as a plain statement of historical fact.

The book consists of a short introduction, eight chapters, and two appendices, of which the first contains the text of the Vatican decrees in Latin and English and the second two notes on the doctrines of the

course of which, and as a result of the fullest and freest discussion possible, the whole matter was thrashed out in detail—all this is dismissed in one page. The decisive interventions of Bilio, Cullen, and Gasser, the modifications to the original text, are not here even mentioned. This is surely very summary treatment in a work which purports to be, in the author's own words, 'a study in the public proceedings of the Council'. In his account of this last debate Professor MacGregor mentions only one speaker, Guidi, the distinguished Dominican theologian and archbishop of Bologna. Guidi, as is well known, spoke strongly—even too strongly—in favour of the Council's defining the traditional doctrine of the papal magisterium as set forth by St Thomas; but Professor MacGregor is apparently convinced that Guidi was speaking on behalf of the anti-infallibilists! But it is in the chapter entitled *The Inopportunist Legend* that the originality of the author's historical method as well as of his conclusions is seen to best advantage.

This 'legend', as Professor MacGregor explains it, is as follows: 'everyone at the Council, with perhaps the exception of a few eccentric theorists, really believed in Papal Infallibility; they questioned only the opportuneness of making this the *official* doctrine of the Roman Church'. This legend was 'an illusion created by the papalist party during and after their triumph in 1870', since which time the story 'has been increasingly affirmed or insinuated by modern Roman Catholic writers'.

This is surely a grave charge. On what evidence is it founded? The attentive reader of these pages will not fail to remark that the author produces no contemporary document and no statement by any Catholic historian of the Council in support of this remarkable accusation. In this context the only authority quoted is a brief statement from Abbot Butler's *The Church and Infallibility*. What Abbot Butler says is this: 'The word which *probably* covers best the *important* part of the elements at the Council opposed to the definition is not "Gallican" but "Inopportunist".' (My italics.) Since the German bishops, who certainly formed the core of the learned opposition to the definition, themselves explained to the Pope that they were opposed to the introduction of the infallibility question because of the *tempus minus opportunum*, Abbot Butler's cautious and moderate statement would appear to be well founded. That a small minority among the bishops, and notably Strossmayer, Hefele, Verot and Kenrick, repeatedly urged in the course of debate that the doctrine could not be defined because it was not a part of the traditional faith, is a fact which was well known at the time and has been commented on by every historian of the Council. Of any attempt on the part of Catholics, either in 1870 or since, to deny or conceal these facts Professor MacGregor produces no evidence whatever. 'The Inopportunist Legend,' he says, 'is comparatively recent in origin. It was certainly invented *ex post facto*.' How recently

Immaculate Conception and the Assumption. In the earlier chapters the author's main theme is the preparation of the Council, its organization, the course of the debates, and the alleged attempt of the victorious majority after the Council to discredit the opposition. To this last point he obviously attaches great importance, and indeed one of the main objects of the book is to explode what is called 'The Inopportunist Legend'. The second main theme of the work, treated more briefly, is an attempt to assess the responsibility for the allegedly illegal proceedings of the Council.

The author's conclusions can be briefly summarized. He believes that the infallibility decree was the work of 'a fanatical ecclesiastical party', largely led and directed by the Jesuits. This party so ordered the arrangements for debate and discussion that the voice of the opposition, the more liberal and learned party, was stifled. After the Council these same fanatics put it about that no real opposition to the truth of the doctrine of Papal infallibility had ever been voiced at the Council, and that those who objected to the proposed definition did so only on the grounds that the moment for such a declaration was not opportune. Because of this 'background intrigue' the proceedings of the Council were illegal. Furthermore, the constitution of the Church is ultimately based on the Christian principle of popular sovereignty. But the voice of the people, of the Church at large, was not heard at the Vatican. Those proceedings were thus unconstitutional and revolutionary, and accordingly, the decrees of the Council are not binding on the faithful.

On what evidence does Professor MacGregor base these conclusions? He quotes as an early example of the unconstitutional character of the proceedings at the Vatican the brief *Multiplies inter*, by which the Pope reserved to himself the exclusive right of submitting to the fathers suitable subjects for discussion. This, he says, 'was such an outrageous arrogation by the Pope of the traditional rights of the Council as to deprive the latter of its legal effect'. But by some strange oversight, Professor MacGregor omits to inform his readers of the highly relevant fact that this arrangement was very largely the work not of Pius IX but of Hefele of Rottenberg, the outstanding authority in the Catholic world on conciliar history and procedure, and the most determined and most obstinate of all the opponents of the definition present at the Council!

The author's very selective account of the actual course of the debates on the scheme containing the text of the proposed definitions is hardly more reassuring. The crucial period which began on 13 May and continued with little interruption until the middle of July is here treated of in a little over a dozen pages. The debate on infallibility, which began on 18 June and continued until 4 July—a debate in the

supported by proof, all this makes of it little more than an inflated anti-papal pamphlet. Even as such it is doubtful whether it will persuade any reader who has the barest acquaintance with the true course of events at Rome in the years 1869-70.

GERARD CULKIN

APOSTLE OF CHARITY

Antonio Rosmini. Priest, Philosopher and Patriot. By Claude Leatham. (Longmans. 42s.)

AMONG the leaders of the European Catholic revival of the nineteenth century, Antonio Rosmini, the founder of the Institute of Charity, ranks in lonely and tragic eminence. Like Newman's, his life and thought were beset by misunderstandings, attacks and disappointments, earning only today the recognition denied to him by his contemporaries. When the centenary of his death was commemorated at Stresa in 1955, Catholic and non-Catholic philosophers from many parts of the world came to pay tribute to him as one of the widest and most balanced minds of his time, whose works still have a surprising vitality for modern readers. The President of the Italian Republic, Signor Gronchi, spoke of him as 'a teacher of liberty . . . profoundly Catholic, [who], through his intellectual activity and personal sanctity, was able to restate the Christian tradition in an organic system that included the vital claims of modern thought'.

Rosmini was born at Rovereto in 1797, the son of an old merchant family ennobled in the services of the Venetian Republic and the Empire. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1821, when the Catholic Church in Italy was just beginning to free herself from 'Josephinist' and Napoleonic State controls. In his book, *The Five Wounds of the Church*, published in 1848, Rosmini listed the evils confronting the Church as he saw them:

1. The division of the people from the clergy in worship.
2. The backward education of the clergy.
3. The disunity among the bishops.
4. The nomination of bishops by the secular power.
5. The enslavement of the Church by riches.

It had been primarily to meet the low intellectual and spiritual state of contemporary Italian Catholicism that Rosmini set out 'to expound a philosophical system which Christian schools may embrace with safety, and which can serve them as a powerful arm against those outside the Church'. The Institute of Charity (founded in 1828) was similarly intended to be 'a system of religious aids to help him do well

it was invented, and by whom, and for what purpose, the reader of this chapter will probably be able to judge for himself.

The final argument to show that the Council's proceedings were unconstitutional is based on the alleged fact that Christian society is ultimately based on the principle of popular sovereignty. 'If popular sovereignty is the basis of the Christian state,' the author asks, 'is it not also the basis of the Christian Church? This is the view of some of the great fourteenth- and fifteenth-century theorists.' The views of the later mediaeval canonists on this and kindred subjects have recently been elucidated with much learning by a distinguished Catholic scholar, Dr Brian Tierney, with whose work Professor MacGregor is obviously acquainted. But it is surely somewhat naïve to take the opinions of one group of mediaeval thinkers as a final and authoritative definition of the Church's constitution, and to conclude, as does the author, that 'since the Council derives its authority from the people, it is authoritative only to the extent that it truly expresses the mind of the Church, which is the whole body of the faithful'. Any principle more inconsistent with all that is known of the Church's legislative and judicial activities through the ages it would be difficult to imagine.

Professor MacGregor's penultimate chapter is entitled *The Flight from Democracy*. The argument of these pages is anything but clear, but the greater part of the chapter is devoted to a very rapid summary of the history of the Society of Jesus, and the author appears to believe that the Jesuits were both the instigators of the movement to secure the definition of the papal privileges and the chief agents by which that movement was brought to a successful issue. As early as June 1867, when the first official announcement of the intention to hold a council was made public, it was, we are told, 'rightly assumed that the Jesuits would be doing all in their power' to bring about the definition of papal infallibility.

Unfortunately, Professor MacGregor does not tell us how they went about the business. The Jesuit fathers are constantly referred to in the course of this work, but none is mentioned by name in relation to the Council, no account is given of their alleged activities behind the scenes, no document is quoted and no work is cited which can throw any light on their influence. It is indeed one of the most striking features of this book, presented with much of the usual paraphernalia of exact scholarship, that the author is extremely sparing of exact reference to his sources of information, and very few of the learned works listed in the twelve pages of bibliography are ever referred to in the footnotes. The fact is, that this is not, in any sense of the word, what it claims to be, a history of the Vatican Council. The author's evident bias, the massive omission of all evidence which would tell against his thesis, the irrelevancies and the far-fetched theorizing un-

knowledge of things human and divine, outstanding for his remarkable piety, religion, virtue, probity, prudence and integrity, conspicuous for his wonderful love and loyalty to the Catholic religion and to this Apostolic See'.

Indeed, there was never any doubt whatsoever about Rosmini's personal sanctity, and it is the special merit of this new biography, based largely on his voluminous correspondence, that it acquaints English readers with Rosmini as a priest, an Italian patriot, and a man of action. They owe a special gratitude to him for sending Fr Luigi Gentili and a small band of the brethren of Charity to England to start a most fruitful mission in the Midlands, receiving into the Church among many others William Lockhart, the first Oxford convert of the group closest to Newman. As President of Ratcliffe College, a later centre of the English Rosminians, Fr Leetham writes with intimate knowledge of this period of English Catholic history, describing the somewhat incongruous ways of the Italian Rosminians in their industrial, grimy, incomprehensibly Protestant and strange mission field. The success of their mission might have been in doubt had it not been for Rosmini's guiding letters, a veritable school in charity, correcting faults, giving his approval or advice, telling Gentili to accept English customs and ways of thinking because 'to be too attached to Italian, Roman or French customs is a great defect in servants of God whose real home is heaven'. He himself had never been to England, but he was familiar with English and Scottish philosophy. One gains the impression from Fr Leetham's book that, just as much of the opposition which Rosmini's writings provoked in Italy was largely due to his empiricist bend of mind and modern scientific interests which he knew how to integrate with the *philosophia perennis*, so the continuing success of the Institute of Charity in the Anglo-Saxon world can be ascribed to a spiritual and intellectual affinity between Rosmini's ideal of practical charity and the natural religious instincts of the British character.

The Italians see in the poet Manzoni and his close friend, the philosopher Rosmini, the two men who liberated them from the provincialism into which Italy had fallen in the preceding two centuries. Rosmini's part in the movement of Italian national revival known as the *Risorgimento* has been largely ignored by the historians of this period, partly because of his isolated position that could not be identified with any of the parties in Church and State in Italy, partly because his actual intervention in political events was brief and unsuccessful. Born in the Trentino, Rosmini welcomed the national movement, though he was deeply distrustful of the democratic totalitarianism which it engendered. Equally he detested the anti-clerical, indeed, anti-Christian elements of Piedmontese nationalism which later superseded its Catholic inspiration. Like many of his contemporaries, Rosmini hoped that Pius IX would place himself at the head of the

what a man is already bound to do as a Christian'. His aim was neither to found a new philosophy nor a new religious Order, but to adapt traditional Catholic thought, moral and religious practice, to the needs of his time. Rosmini's balanced mind preserved him from the errors into which Catholic contemporaries with similar concerns, like Gioberti and de Lamennais, had fallen. Nevertheless, despite the support for and generous recognition of his vast intellectual and religious activities by three Popes, his orthodoxy came to be impugned.

There can be no doubt today that the attacks on him were largely inspired by the personal jealousies and intrigues of other religious Orders, and by political circumstances. Rosmini had the satisfaction of seeing himself fully rehabilitated by the Holy Office, which had examined all his writings, though the relevant Decree, *Dimittantur*, of 3 July 1854, was not published but communicated in secret to Rosmini and to his accusers, the Jesuits. It was perhaps due to this circumstance that the silence on future controversies, which Pope Pius IX imposed on both parties from motives of prudence and peace, was not fully respected by outsiders. Rosmini died, broken in health, a year later, but the attacks on his philosophical doctrines continued. In 1876 the Pope caused his Master of the Sacred Palace to state in the *Osservatore Romano*:

It follows from the long and conscientious examination that the accusations made against the works of Antonio Rosmini were false [and that in these] nothing was found contrary to faith and morals, that the teaching and reading of these works are not dangerous to the faithful. It is lawful to disagree with the philosophic system of Rosmini and with the way he tries to explain certain truths, but it is not lawful to conclude that he denied such truths, nor may anyone inflict ecclesiastical censures upon the doctrines that he professed in the works examined and dismissed by the Sacred Congregation of the Index.

However, ten years later, the Holy Office condemned forty propositions taken mostly from posthumous works in the Decree *Post Obitum*, published in March 1888. The purport of the condemnation was that these propositions are 'seemingly not consonant with Catholic truth', a mild form of censure which the late Fr Hugh Honan, in his pamphlet *Il Decreto Post Obitum* (1948), in which he fully investigated its legal and historical aspects, considered not to have had a primarily theological significance. Catholics will respect this decision of the Church, and they will share the hope of the members of the Institute of Charity that the Church will one day again fully endorse the praise of Rosmini which Pope Gregory XVI wrote in his own hand into the Brief recommending the Institute to the Bishops of the Church, in which he is described as 'a man of eminent intellect, exceedingly famous for his

THE MASS OF THE ROMAN RITE

ITS ORIGINS AND DEVELOPMENT

Joseph A. Jungmann, S.J.

Translated by Rev. Francis A. Brunner, C.S.S.R.

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movement for the sake of the Church and of Italy. He believed in the continuation of the temporal power of the Papacy, and wished the Pope to promote constitutional government. His own political thinking, expressed in his *Plan for a Constitution* (1848) and in the *Philosophy of Right* (1841), shows him preoccupied with anxiety lest demagoguery should supplant democracy. A fervent critic of 'national egoism', he upheld ideas of true political liberty which anticipated those of Leo XIII and his successors, but which in 1848 seemed unrealistic and dangerous. He was moved by the one desire to find a solution for Italy that transcended nationality, overcame the dangers of continental liberalism, and might heal the breach between the Christian tradition and the Europe of the French Revolution, between the two extremist camps represented by reaction and revolution.

His national reputation was such that the Piedmontese Government chose him as its envoy to persuade Pius IX to join with the other Italian States in the alliance against Austria. Rosmini's *Mission to Rome* is an account of one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Church in nineteenth-century Europe. He was received cordially by the Pope, who valued his councils and publicly declared his intention of making him a Cardinal. But his mission failed, because the Piedmontese Government did not keep its promises to Rosmini regarding religious rights (and, indeed, expelled the Jesuits while their envoy negotiated in Rome), because of the political immaturity of the Italians but above all because of the rapid pressure of events. When the Prime Minister of the Papal States, Pellegrino Rossi, was assassinated by the revolutionaries, in Rome in November 1848, the Pope was forced to nominate a ministry favourable to the extremists. A few days later Pius XI fled to Gaeta, disillusioned with, and distrustful of, the national and liberal movements with which he had previously sympathized. Rosmini tried in vain to persuade him not to break with his past nor allow himself to sink into a pessimism that seemed to be justified by recent events, but which should not be allowed to divide (it was Rosmini's expression) his pontificate into two irreconcilable parts. Rosmini had followed the Pope to Gaeta, where, however, the counsels of Cardinal Antonelli prevailed. The division of the Pontificate had become a reality. After Rosmini had left the Papal Court he was informed that his *Constitution* and the *Five Wounds of the Church* had been put on the Index. He submitted at once, and, despite all personal disappointments, remained steadfast in his loyalty to the Holy See. Except for this brief episode, Rosmini's full life of almost fifty-eight years was almost devoid of colour. Yet he was and remains, in Newman's words, 'the property of the whole Church'. In his last words to Manzoni, 'Adore, be silent, rejoice,' his all-embracing religious vision was summed up.

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